The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, *27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* January *will be noticed in the* February *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th February *in the* March *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Rumour is very busy settling the question of the authorship of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," and one daily paper, in a determined effort to solve the mystery, has gone so far as to telegraph to a number of authors the point blank question, "Did you write 'An Englishwoman's Love Letters'?" The field for speculation is the wider since readers of the book are separated into two camps—those who think that the letters are fiction, and the editor's preface a skilful touch to give realism to the book; and those who accept the book as an authentic record of life. Mrs. Fuller Maitland's name, among the many, has been most persistently coupled with the book, but we believe that she has disclaimed any responsibility for it, and we have good reason to think that none of the other persons that rumour has so far associated with the book are more nearly connected with it than is Mrs. Fuller Maitland.

This much we may say without breach of confidence. A few of the letters, selected at hazard, were in the spring sent to Mr. Pinker, the literary agent. The covering letter stated that the letters had been placed in the writer's hands for editing and arranging with a view to publication. As those concerned desired the authorship to be kept secret, Mr. Pinker was requested not to mention the name of the editor, between whom and the writer of the letters there had been such close friendship that the identity of the one would, to a large number of persons, have revealed the secret of the authorship, and although that could not matter to the lady now, it was feared that her friends might be hurt. The letters were shown to no one but Mr. Murray, and the agreement with him for their publication was made without disclosure of names.

In view of the discussion as to the authenticity and the identity of the editor of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," we have thought it would be interesting to have the opinions of a few of the most prominent lady writers of the day on the subject. We have therefore requested them to inform us whether they consider the letters to be actual correspondence, as the "editor" of the book claims, and, granting their authenticity, whether the "editor" was justified in publishing them. The following opinions will, we are sure, be read with liveliest interest.

Miss Cholmondeley writes: "I am strongly of opinion that these letters are not a real correspondence, though I feel convinced that they are the result of a real attachment. Whoever wrote them, whether man or woman (I incline to think the author is a man), the writer would not, it seems to me, have been able to express himself with such exquisite perfection at the moment when he was struggling under intense emotion. We can seldom measure with this exactness any feeling while we are undergoing it. We only begin to be able to understand and describe it after we have passed through it, *and have come out on the other side.* These so-called letters seem to me the work of one looking back from a calm haven at a past stormy experience."

Mrs. W. K. Clifford writes: "In my opinion the letters are most certainly not genuine."

Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) writes: "I believe the letters are literary compositions—not a real correspondence. Nor do I think that the age of the writer is correctly given. In the event, however, of my being altogether wrong, the publication of the letters is outrageous. From the literary standpoint the work seems an admirable example of romantic feeling expressed with artificiality and precociousness."

Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler writes: "I do not think that anybody is ever justified in publishing real love-letters; not even in that most innocuous form of fiction known as biography."

Miss Beatrice Harraden writes suggesting that Mrs. Edith Wharton might be able to help in the discovery of the author. "When I read 'A Gift from the Grave,' two or three months ago, in Norway, I said to myself, 'And now we shall surely have the love letters of the woman in this story, at once and by the same hand, before any other hand has time to seize the tempting opportunity.' Well, "An Englishwoman's Love Letters" followed closely on "A Gift from the Grave," and Mr. Murray published them both."

Mrs. Harrison (Lucas Malet) writes: "I have only seen extracts from the letters. They charmed me. But, if I may venture an opinion, I think, *and hope*, they are of the nature of fiction, not fact. They are a little too finished, too constructed for fact. I say *I hope*, because if fiction, we may claim a writer of genius, or something very refreshingly near that. If fact, we have to regret that a person owning that which is sacred, has put it to vulgar uses, and has been guilty of disloyalty to the dead. Nothing—not even poverty, which has in it the sharpest of temptations, perhaps—can justify such a giving away of a woman's heart. That

which is written for one person should be read by that one person only. This, at least, is my conviction—but then I am old-fashioned, and do not admit the right of the public to be acquainted with the private life of any person either obscure or famous. The 'open door' is the password of commerce. The 'shut door' should be that of all those who value dignity and fine feeling in the individual."

Miss Violet Hunt writes: "I have read the book, of course, and have been deeply interested in it—but as a work of art only. I cannot form any theory as to the actuality of the letters except that I may say I am always distrustful of the possibility of such letters being returned to the sender. We are not in the days of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, who was conscious enough of the future value of her letters to expressly stipulate that they should be returned to her (letter by letter) by M. de Guibert. If, indeed, they form an actual correspondence, it can only be a certain number of them; those written before the catastrophe, which would be in the hands of the faithless lover. The others would be in those of the family. Is it to be supposed that *her* parents and he entered into a mercenary compact to hand the complete series to a publisher? No, I think they are the work of a clever woman, with a strong literary instinct, and a fund of bitter personal experience to work upon, and criticised as a work of art, they go to show that such entire and obvious devotion of a woman to a man carries its own catastrophe. There is no need to seek for outside causes for the man's estrangement. It lies, in my opinion, in the letters themselves."

Miss Elizabeth Robins writes: "I rushed through the little volume at a sitting in a state of absorbed receptivity and good faith which found no difficulty in accepting the particular convention chosen by the writer—if indeed the letters are not what they seem to give themselves out for. There is perhaps sufficient internal evidence to make one fancy on reflection that the letters are fiction—and if so, good! for we shall have more. But whether the letters show too much accomplishment for a girl of twenty-two, whether the preface bears the mark of the same mind, whether the eclipse was not in the same year as the issue of a certain book mentioned, neither these considerations nor others can deprive the reader of a sufficiently rare pleasure —nor the writer of a triumph."

We are glad to hear much better accounts of Mr. S. R. Crockett's health. He has been travelling for some months past in Spain, and is now on his way to Italy. His new story, in the manner of "The Raiders," will appear serially in the *Graphic*. The title chosen is "Silver Sand."

The articles which Mr. H. Rider Haggard has written as a result of his recent visit to Jerusalem and other places in the East will be published in the *Queen*, commencing this month (January).

Mr. Eden Philpotts has completed in collaboration with Mr. E. A. Bennett a play based on his "Children of the Mist," which was commissioned by Mr. Frohman, and will be produced by him in New York and London in the near future. Mr. Philpotts has also nearly finished a new long novel of Devonshire life. It will be published by Mr. Arrowsmith in the spring.

Mr. Neil Munro, whose "Doom Castle" is now appearing serially, is beginning work on a new novel, the scene of which is laid partly in the Highlands and partly on the Continent.

Mr. Joseph Conrad is writing a short story which, with "Youth" and "The Heart of Darkness," will appear in volume form in the spring. Mr. Heinemann has secured Mr. Joseph Conrad's next long novel, which, we hear, is entitled "The Rescue."

We hear that Mrs. Stephen Crane has written to the American publishers of her late husband's book that the 'O'Ruddy" is to be dramatised by David Belasco.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has recently completed the manuscript of a new novel entitled "Nebo." Mr. Baring-Gould is, we hear, wintering in the South of France.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will publish in the spring of next year a new novel by Mr. Rolf Boldrewood entitled "In Bad Company."

Mr. Arthur Morrison is said to be busy writing a new novel the scene of which will, as in "Cunning Murrell," be laid in Essex.

The new novel entitled "The Eternal Quest," which Mr. J. A. Steuart is just completing, will be published in book form in March or April next in this country by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., and in America by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. The latter firm were also the publishers of Mr. Steuart's "A Minister of State" and "Wine on the Lees."

Mr. James McArthur, who has been representing Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Co., of New York, in this country, is returning to the United States early in the new year to take up an important literary position there.

Mr. Pugh has, in collaboration with Mr. Godfrey Burchett, completed a novel entitled "The Heritage," which is to be published early in the spring.

Mr. Anthony Hope's "Quisanté" and Mrs. Craigie's "Robert Orange" seem to have been not less successful in America than they have been in this country. We hear from the American publishers, Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Co., of New York, that the sales of both books have been so unexpectedly good that they have had to put the plates on the press for edition after edition. The fifth edition of "Robert Orange" is now on sale, and the fourth edition of "Quisanté" is in preparation.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. will publish Mr. J. Bloundelle Burton's new novel, "A Vanished Rival," in book form on the completion of the serial publication in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford has, we hear, agreed to write a new short story for publication at an early date in the *Illustrated London News*.

Another of the three new "Dolly Dialogues" which Mr. Anthony Hope has written lately will be published in the *Westminster Gazette* towards the end of the month. In America it will appear simultaneously in *McClure's Magazine*.

Miss Adeline Sergeant has recently completed the manuscript of a new novel entitled "The Master of Beechwood." Prior to being issued in book form it will be published as a serial through Messrs. W. C. Leng and Co.'s syndicate of newspapers.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan told some capital stories in the course of his interesting lecture, "The Confessions of a Literary Adviser," delivered the other day to an overflowing audience at the London Institution. Some of these have already appeared in print, but we think the following are new: "One gentleman wrote to a firm of publishers to say that he had made a deep study of Mrs. Browning's poems and was going to give a lecture on the great woman poet, but he could not find the poem that had in it the line, 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.' 'Everyone who knows Mrs. Browning,' he said, 'knows she wrote it, but they cannot tell me where it is to be found.'"

Once after Mr. Kernahan had reported unfavourably upon a manuscript the author's mother called to see him. She began by saying that he was clearly incompetent for the post he held, inasmuch as no one who was not either grossly incompetent or grossly ignorant could fail to recognise the genius of her son's work. Her belief was that he had refused the story solely from jealousy. "You are yourself an author, or call yourself one," she said, "and of course wish to strangle at birth anything that threatens to eclipse your own wretched work. My firm belief is that when next you publish a rubbishy little book with a big sounding title, I shall find all my son's beautiful thoughts dished up in your own miserable language." Then she went on another tack. "Mr. Balfour," she said, "is much interested in my son's career. I have several times seen Mr. Balfour upon the subject of my son's future, and I assure you Mr. Balfour would be truly grateful to anyone who would take my son by the hand." "I felt that I understood something of Mr. Balfour's feelings," commented Mr. Kernahan. "If that good lady has any claim upon the distinguished statesman and went to see him often, and in the spirit in which she came to see me, I could well believe that Mr. Balfour would be more than grateful to anyone who would take her and her precious son off his hands."

Mr. McIlvaine has resumed sole control of Harper and Bros. London house, Mr. Fitts, who for some time assumed control, being no longer connected with the corporation.

The practice of supplying orders "on sale or return," which is very generally followed among publishers of periodicals, seems likely to become common among book publishers. Until recently only one important publisher had adopted the system, but others are following suit, and it looks as if it must before long become universal. There are obvious objections to it from the publisher's point of view, but in some cases, at any rate, the result has been highly satisfactory.

The Hon. John Collier has completed his new painting of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. It is said by those who have seen it to be a most lifelike portrait.

Our readers will be interested in the accompanying portrait of Mr. John Uri Lloyd, whose remarkable novel of Kentucky life, "Stringtown on the Pike," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. "Stringtown on the Pike" has been one of the great American successes of the year.

MR. JOHN URI LLOYD.

Mrs. Bishop is leaving England at once for a somewhat prolonged stay in Morocco. She is in need of rest, but we may confidently expect a new book as a result of her journey.

Mr. Stephen Phillips' "Herod," which, it will be seen, figures at the head of the best-selling books of poetry of 1900, is being translated into French and German, and it is likely that it will be staged in Germany and Italy in the near future.

Mr. Fisher Unwin is to publish immediately an English edition of "Eben Holden," by Mr. Irving Bachelier. This novel has had an immense sale in the United States, and is indeed the "David Harum" of the year. More than 130,000 copies have been sold within a few months.

Although a very large extra edition was printed of THE BOOKMAN for December, the number is already out of print, and, like the November issue, is being sold at a considerable premium,

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

NOVEMBER 20TH TO DECEMBER 13TH, 1900.

With the commencement of the month a brisker tone throughout the whole market was early noticeable, which, developing rapidly, made it apparent that we were, almost a fortnight earlier than usual, in the full stress of the Christmas rush, and, as we go to press, every department is strained to its utmost capacity in order to cope successfully with the numerous orders from both town and country.

The 6s. novel throughout the whole of the past year has formed the staple item, and during the past few weeks the volumes of this class which have been disposed of have been legion. Certainly "The Master Christian" still continues to head the list, and its popularity appears in no way to diminish. However, it is followed very closely by a number of other works by popular authors too numerous to specify.

A great improvement is noticeable in the production of the illustrated books for the young during the present season, and the demand for some of the most popular has been very extensive. Among such we may mention "The April Baby's Book of Tunes," by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden"; "The Golliwogg's Polar Adventures," by Bertha and Florence K. Upton; "The Tremendous Twins," by Ernest and Mrs. Ames; "The Tale of the Little Twin Dragons," by S. R. Praeger; "A Noah's Ark Geography," by Mabel Dearmer; and "The House that Grew," by Mrs. Molesworth.

The most successful books in Biography have been "Napoleon: the Last Phase," by Lord Rosebery; "Oliver Cromwell," by John Morley; and "Lord Rosebery," by Jane T. Stoddart.

A well-sustained demand has been experienced throughout the month for several of the more popular volumes on the South African Campaign, notably "The Great Boer War," by A. Conan Doyle; "*Graphic* History of the War," "The History of the Boer War," vol. I., by F. H. E. Cunliffe; "With the Flag to Pretoria," and, among the most recent productions, "In the Ranks of the C.I.V.," by Erskine Childers; and last, but not least, "*The Times* History of the War," vol. I. "An Absent-minded War," by a British Officer, and "How we Escaped from Pretoria," by Captain Haldane, are still continuously sought after.

Prize books have sold freely, and the most popular appear to be those by such famous authors as G. A. Henty and G. Manville Fenn, but it is impossible to pass without notice such popular volumes with the young as *Chatterbox*, *Sunday*, *Prize*, *Infants' Magazine*, *Children's Friend*, which form a very considerable portion in the season's trade.

Our old friends the hardy annuals are with us again, and, as much to the front as ever, "Hazell's Annual," "Whitaker's Almanack," and works of a more or less similar character. *The Daily Mail* Year Book has this year made its bow to the public and has been considerably encored.

The Christmas numbers of the various periodicals, with their usual issue of coloured plates, appear to be as popular as in former years. These, together with the increased bulk in the majority of the December parts of the Magazines, entail a considerable amount of extra labour in their distribution.

Another important item in the Christmas trade is the large number of almanacs, diaries, and pocket-books of every description.

The following is a selection, somewhat lengthy of necessity, of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:

The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)
Quisanté. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)
Isle of Unrest. By H. S. Meriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
The Mantle of Elijah. By I. Zangwill. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Hosts of the Lord. By F. A. Steel. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Heart's Highway. By Mary E. Wilkins. 6s. (J. Murray.)
Eleanor. By Mrs. H. Ward. 6s. (Smith and Elder.)
The Stickit Minister's Wooing. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Boy. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Infidel. By Miss Braddon. 6s. (Simpkin.)
Master of Craft. By W. W. Jacobs. 6s. (Methuen.)
Rue with a Difference. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Richard Yea and Nay. By Maurice Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Brass Bottle. By F. Anstey. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
In the Palace of the King. By F. M. Crawford. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Tommy and Grizel. By J. M. Barrie. 6s. (Cassell.)
Dr. North and his Friends. By S. W. Mitchell. 6s. (Smith and Elder.)
The Great Boer War. By A. Conan Doyle. 7s. 6d. (Smith and Elder.)
How We Escaped from Pretoria. By Capt. Haldane. 1s. (W. Blackwood.)
An Absent-minded War. By a British Officer. 1s. (J. Milne.)
In the Ranks of the C.I.V. By E. Childers. 6s. (Smith and Elder.)
Graphic History of the War. 5s. (*Graphic* office.)
Napoleon: The Last Phase. By Lord Rosebery. 7s. 6d. (Humphreys.)
Cromwell (Oliver), Life of. By John Morley. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)
Rosebery (Lord), Life of. By Jane T. Stoddart. 6s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Marshall (Emma), Life of. 6s. (Seeley.)
Petrie (Irene), Life of. By Mrs. A. C. Wilson. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Macgregor (G. H. C.), Life of. By Duncan Macgregor. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Francis, a Little Poor Man of Assisi. By Adderley. 3s. 6d. (E. Arnold.)
With Buller in Natal. By G. A. Henty. 6s. (Blackie.)
With Rifle and Bayonet. By Capt. Brereton. 5s. (Blackie.)
The House that Grew. By Mrs. Molesworth. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Noah's Ark Geography. By Mabel Dearmer. 4s. to 6s. (Macmillan.)
The April Baby's Book of Tunes. 4s. to 6s. (Macmillan.)
Hazell's Annual. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Whitaker's Annual. 1s. (Office.)
Daily Mail Annual. 1s. net. (Office.)
Together with many Annual Volumes, Diaries, and Almanacks.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Nov. 24—Trade steady.
Dec. 1—Considerable improvement in home departments. Colonial and Foreign quiet.
" 8—Continued quiet in export, but great activity in home department.

SCOTLAND.

NOVEMBER 21ST TO DECEMBER 15TH, 1900.

It may be held that all publications intended for this season's trade have now been issued, and, therefore, it is possible to form some idea as to the general condition of business. Although much better than last year, the volume of trade has not been such as was reasonably expected from the number of books issued in the early autumn. Magazine

literature, which was unusually depressed owing to the large output of war publications, very materially regained its popularity. The illustrated weeklies and such like came to a quite normal circulation, but there was a brisk demand on all hands for records of the South African Campaign, and such books as Doyle's "Great Boer War," any work of personal effort like "From Aldershot to Pretoria," or of biography as that of "General Wauchope," by W. Baird, readily sold, and exhibited the fact that war matters still bulked largely in the public mind.

Quite a number of religious books gained an amount of favour. Bullen's "With Christ at Sea" had a hearty reception, and the touching story of "Irene Petrie's Life" proved the leading missionary book of the Christmas season. On account of his Scottish connection, the Rev. G. H. C. Macgregor's Life found sympathetic readers, and Dr. Miller's "Golden Gate of Prayer," with his Christmas booklet "Loving My Neighbour," were in very general demand.

Two historical books maintained their popularity, Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon" and Mr. Morley's "Oliver Cromwell," the former gaining success far beyond trade anticipations. A large part of the business done was composed of annual volumes and the usual yearly publications, such as "Who's Who," "Whitaker's Almanac," and the "*Daily Mail* Year Book." Children's books were not so numerous as usual. The most noteworthy of these were the "April Baby's Book of Tunes," by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden," and the "Grey Fairy Book," edited by Andrew Lang.

In fiction the following volumes were very prominent, and, although no new popular work appeared, the trade in this department was generally good:—"Eleanor," by Mrs. Ward; "Daughter of the Fields," by Katherine Tynan; "Hosts of the Lord," by Mrs. Steel; "Lord Linlithgow," by Morley Roberts; "Master Christian," by Marie Corelli; and "Tommy and Grizel," by J. M. Barrie.

The magazine trade was very good, and the double numbers usual at this season took well. The *Quiver* early went out of print, the *Windsor* had an exceptionally large sale, and for the second number of the *British Monthly*, on account of its local interest, there were very many inquiries.

We append our usual list of best selling books:—

Miscellaneous:—

The Great Boer War. By Conan Doyle. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
From Aldershot to Pretoria. By Rev. W. E. Sellers. 2s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society.)
General Wauchope. By W. Baird. 2s. 6d. (Oliphant.)
Irene Petrie. By Mrs. Carus-Wilson. 6s. (Hodder.)
With Christ at Sea. By F. Bullen. 6s. (Hodder.)
Golden Gate of Prayer. By Dr. Miller. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Napoleon: The Last Phase. By Lord Rosebery. 7s. 6d. (Humphreys.)
April Baby's Book of Tune. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Fiction:—

Eleanor. By Mrs. H. Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Hosts of the Lord. By F. A. Steel. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)
Tommy and Grizel. By J. M. Barrie. 6s. (Cassell.)
Isle of Unrest. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Daughter of the Fields. By K. Tynan. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Gateless Barrier. By L. Malet. 6s. (Methuen.)
Madness of David Baring. By J. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Lord Linlithgow. By M. Roberts. 6s. (Arnold.)
Lane that Had No Turning. By G. Parker. 6s. (Heinemann.)

THE MOST POPULAR BOOKS OF 1900.

The monthly reports of book sales from the great wholesale houses of England and Scotland, and from the booksellers of some of the principal towns, which appear each month in THE BOOKMAN, have served as a very interesting and valuable guide to the most popular books of the day. This month we have extended these reports, and have endeavoured to obtain from the booksellers a list of the best selling books of the year, arranged in different classes. We have, therefore, asked a large number of representative booksellers in every part of the kingdom to fill in a form, naming the six volumes of Fiction, Religious Literature, History, etc., War Books, Poetry, and Standard Works, which, according to their experience, have been most popular during 1900. We have received a very large number of replies, and take this opportunity of thanking our correspondents for the very painstaking and generous way in which they have given us the required information. In all cases it is evident that much care has been taken in filling up the forms, and we, on our part, have done our utmost to ensure an accurate tabulation of the results. Two things must, however, be borne in mind. One or two books, owing to their recent appearance, have only just reached the country booksellers, and may therefore have missed a place on the list which might have been theirs in the course of a few weeks. And no account has been taken of colonial sales or of sixpenny reprints. With these exceptions we think we may claim that the results tabulated below offer an adequate summary of the most popular books of the year.

I.—FICTION.

Marie Corelli: The Master Christian.
Mrs. Humphry Ward: Eleanor.
J. M. Barrie: Tommy and Grizel.
H. Seton Merriman: The Isle of Unrest.
Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler: The Farringdons.
Anthony Hope: Quisanté.
Marie Corelli: Boy.
Rosa Nouchette Carey: Rue with a Difference.
Marion Crawford: The Palace of the King.
Mary Cholmondeley: Red Pottage.
Stanley J. Weyman: Sophia.
Henry Harland: The Cardinal's Snuff-Box.

Other novels, which found a place more than once in the list of the six best-selling novels, were The Hosts of the Lord, Concerning Isabel Carnaby, The Man who Corrupted Hadleyburg, A Double Thread, The Stickit Minister's Wooing, Joan of the Sword Hand, Three Men on the Bummel, The Sky Pilot, Peccavi, Richard Yea and Nay, Robert Orange, The Increasing Purpose, The Madness of David Baring, A Corner of the West, Via Crucis, Voices in the Night, The Fourth Generation, The Christian, Olive Tracy, The Brass Bottle, The Purple Robe, The Hearts Highway, A Master of Craft, Donovan, The Flowers o' the Forest, The Footsteps of a Throne, The Orange Girl, Young April, Quo Vadis, Life's Trivial Round, Penelope in Scotland, Marshfield the Observer, The Green Flag, The Cardinal's Page, Garthowen, The King's Mirror, Rupert of Hentzau, Richard Carvel, Lord Jim, Jess, The Cambric Mask, No. 5, John Street, Mollie's Prince, Parson Peter, By Order of the Company, The Gateless Barrier, To Pay the Price, East Lynne, The Sign of the Cross, My New Curate, The Woman of Death, Little Anna Mark, The Prince of Swindlers, The Infidel, Stalky and Co., etc., etc.

II.—RELIGIOUS BOOKS (INCLUDING RELIGIOUS BIOGRAPHIES).

Dr. J. R. Miller's Books.
Moody: The Life of Moody.
Dr. George Matheson: Studies of the Portrait of Christ.
Dr. John Watson: Doctrines of Grace.
Rev. Griffith Jones: The Ascent through Christ.
Edersheim: The Messiah.
Mrs. Carus-Wilson: Irene Petrie.
Henry Drummond: Stones Rolled Away.
Rev. James Hastings: Bible Dictionary.

Ian Maclaren: Church Folks.
Clarke: Outlines of Christian Theology.
Prof. G. A. Smith: Life of Henry Drummond.
Dr. Parker's Works.

Other volumes mentioned more than once in the six best-selling religious books were Walsh's Oxford Movement, Dean Farrar's Life of Lives, Drummond's Ideal Life, Life of Rev. G. H. C. McGregor, Life of Dr. Pusey, Canon Gore's Romans, Rev. H. C. G. Moule's Ephesians, Canon MacColl's Reformation Settlement, Rev. F. B. Meyer's Books, Life of Henry Müller, Life of Bishop Walsham How, A Cloud of Witnesses, Selwyn's Christian Prophets, Life of F. W. Crossley, etc., etc., etc.

III.—HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

John Morley: Cromwell.
Lord Rosebery: Napoleon.
Huxley: Life of Huxley.
Lord Roberts: Forty-one Years in India.
Kipling: From Sea to Sea.
Frank T. Bullen's Books.
Green's History.
Sir Herbert Maxwell: Wellington.
W. H. Fitchett: How England Saved Europe.

Other volumes in the lists were An Englishwoman's Love Letters, Tennyson's Life, Highways and Byeways of Yorkshire, Miss Stoddart's The Earl of Rosebery, From the Cape to Cairo, Walton's China, In Dwarfland, Sailing Alone Round the World, Coates' Lord Rosebery, Life of Emma Marshall, Helena Faucit, Collingwood's Ruskin, Deeds that Won the Empire, Lang's History of Scotland, etc., etc., etc.

IV.—WAR BOOKS.

Conan Doyle: Great Boer War.
Churchill: London to Ladysmith.
Steevens: Capetown to Ladysmith.
Fitzpatrick: The Transvaal from Within.
Haldane: Our Escape from Pretoria.
Churchill: Ian Hamilton's March.
Burleigh: The Natal Campaign.
With the Flag to Pretoria.
Hobson: War in South Africa.
Bryce: South Africa.
Life of Lord Roberts.
Life of Baden-Powell.

Other war books mentioned were An Absent-Minded War, The Tale of a Field Hospital, London to Pretoria, *Times* History of the War, *Graphic* History of the War, *Illustrated London News* History of the War, With our Soldiers at the Front, Aldershot to Pretoria, Leaguers of Ladysmith, Twice Captured, Relief of Mafeking, With Buller in Natal, Towards Pretoria, Life of General Wauchope, Celebrities of the Army, etc., etc., etc.

V.—POETRY (NEW).

Stephen Phillips: Herod.
Stephen Phillips: Paola and Francesca.
Quiller Couch: Oxford Anthology.
Kipling's Poems.
Wynne: Ad Astra.
Moira O'Neill: Songs of the Glens of Antrim.
T. E. Brown: Collected Poems.

Other volumes of poems mentioned were Love's Argument, by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, In Veronica's Garden, Lucas' Open Road, Light of Asia, Wynne's Songs and Lyrics, Benson's The Professor, Seaman's In Cap and Bells, Archbishop Alexander's The Finding of the Book, Bishop Chadwick's Poems, etc., etc.

VI.—WORKS OF STANDARD AUTHORS.

Dickens.
Thackeray.
Scott.
Ruskin.
Tennyson.
Shakespeare.
George Eliot.
Charlotte Brontë.
Jane Austen.
R. L. Stevenson.
Carlyle.

A few notes on the above lists may be of interest:

"The Master Christian" was the first novel in something like seventy-five per cent. of the lists sent in. The next four novels were practically equal in popular favour.

A very large number of books figured in the Religious list, over eighty volumes, besides those given above, receiving one or more votes.

In Biography, etc., the first two books were exceedingly close, the other volumes a good many votes behind.

Mr. Conan Doyle led easily in the War Books, but the second, third, and fourth books on the list were very equal.

Such remarks as "Cannot sell poetry at all," were common on the lists of Poetry, and only a few of the booksellers could find six new books worthy of mention.

Dickens was well ahead in the Standard Authors, but Thackeray and Scott were only divided by half a dozen votes.

NEW WRITERS.

ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON.

The Author of "Wild Animals I have Known," "The Biography of a Grizzly," etc.

TWO years ago the name of Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson was widely known among naturalists and scientists, and his work considered by them the finest of its kind, not even second to the great Audubon. But it was by "Wild Animals I have Known," published about Christmas, 1898, that he gained a wider audience of admirers among general readers. The book was an instantaneous success, and has reached a sale of over fifty thousand copies. In this country recognition has been more tardy, but it is slowly growing every day. "The Trail of the Sand-hill Stag," and "The Biography of a Grizzly," subsequent publications, have also gone into the thousands, and have assuredly augmented their author's reputation.

MR. ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON.

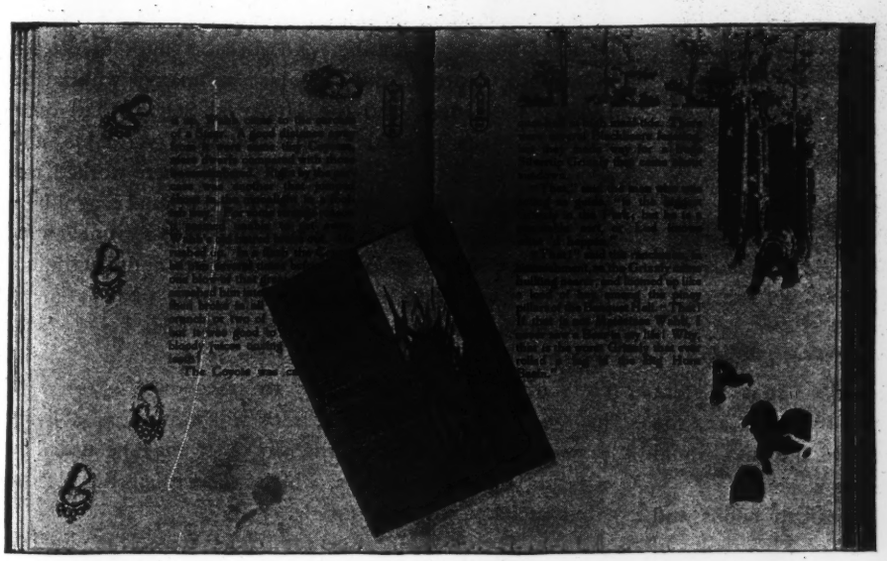
Mr. Seton-Thompson was born in London, but as a child he was taken to Canada, where most of his early years were spent. It was in 1883 that he began to be known as a naturalist, and his enthusiastic studies in zoology eventually materialised in two important books. "The Birds of Manitoba" and "The Mammals of Manitoba" resulted in his being appointed Government naturalist to that province, an honorary position which he still holds. His work in these volumes led to an engagement with the Century Company to illustrate the animals and birds for their Encyclopædic Dictionary. For some years he applied himself to the task of drawing over one thousand sketches for this Dictionary, and upon completing the work in 1890, he came to London and obtained a scholarship, entitling him to seven years' tuition at the Royal Academy. After eighteen months' close application, he threw up the work in disgust and went to Paris. Mr. Seton-Thompson is not a lover of cities; too much of his life had been passed on the open road and in the wilds of Northern and Western America to make it easy for him to conform to town ways and habits.

In Paris he studied with Henry Mosler, and within a year after his arrival he painted his first picture. The subject was drawn from his wolf-hunting experiences in Western America, and the painting was hung in the Salon in a place of honour on the line.

The work that has given Mr. Seton-Thompson an authoritative standing among scientists is his contribution to natural history, "The Art Anatomy of Animals," a royal quarto volume published by Messrs. Macmillan. Both text and plates were from the author's hand, and entailed four years' laborious and conscientious study. Other books on animal and bird life have been illustrated by him, and his drawings have also been familiar in the pages of the leading magazines. In one book on "Bird-Life" by Mr. Frank M. Chapman, his drawings were taken from studies of the birds amid their natural surroundings, and were pronounced to be the best bird drawings ever produced, and as far ahead of Audubon as Audubon was ahead of those who preceded him.

Mr. Seton-Thompson's first story, like his first picture, was a wolf story. The naturalist and artist never suspected that he had anything to say about his personal adventures and experiences with wild animals that would be worth reading, until one evening he happened to be among a party of friends gathered in Professor James Mavor's study in Toronto University. By and bye they began "swapping" stories, and when Mr. Seton-Thompson's turn came, he told them the story of old Lobo, the gigantic wolf-king of Currumpaw in Northern New Mexico, and how he came to capture him after various fruitless attempts. Professor Mavor persuaded him to write it out and send it to "Scribner's Magazine." He did so rather sceptically, but the story was accepted at once, and formed the nucleus of the book which appeared four years later under the title "Wild Animals I have Known."

"The Biography of a Grizzly," which has just been brought out in this country, is in many respects the best story Mr. Seton-Thompson has yet written, and was originally published in "The Century Magazine." It is also, as a piece of bookmaking, the finest of all his books.



A reproduction of two of the beautifully illustrated pages of "The Biography of a Grizzly," with a photograph of the cover of the book.

MRS. ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON,

The Author of "A Woman Tenderfoot."

It was while he was engaged on his most important scientific work, "The Art Anatomy of Animals," that Mr. Seton-Thompson became intimately acquainted with Miss Grace

MRS. SETON-THOMPSON.

Gallatin, the daughter of Mr. Albert Gallatin, well known in California. In the preparation of this book for the press, Miss Gallatin gave him great assistance, and subsequently in June, 1896, she became Mrs. Seton-Thompson. Her knowledge and appreciation of art and her decided literary gifts have enabled her to enter fully into sympathy with her husband's aims, and to her also is due the skill and taste which are displayed in the exceptional artistic form and book-making of all her husband's work.

Mrs. Seton-Thompson has recently become an author in her own right. A constant companion of her husband in all his travels, she has "roughed it" with him in various sequestered parts of the American continent, and shared his trials and adventures. "A Woman Tenderfoot" is an entertaining and informing narrative of her first experiences, and with a good deal of humour and and fun tells how she got "broken in," and at last ceased to be a tenderfoot. The book is illustrated throughout, and in this, as in her husband's books, the charming result of the "make-up" from cover to cover is entirely the work of Mrs. Seton-Thompson's hands. The book is published here by Mr. David Nutt

The Reader.

HERBERT SPENCER: THE MAN AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER is perhaps the most distinguished European philosopher now living, and he has made the whole world his debtor in innumerable ways. Personally, he is one of those men, for whom admiration increases the longer he is known; and some of those who differ *longo intervalo* from our octogenarian writer

BIRTHPLACE OF MR. HERBERT SPENCER, NO. 27, EXETER STREET, DERBY.

Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN by Winter, Derby.

honour him as much as his disciples do. It is a great achievement to be esteemed in old age, by friend and foe alike, as one of the chief contributors to the intellectual life of the world during the century that is closing.

It has been my lot to write some things, in books and casual essays, in opposition to the system of Philosophy of which Mr. Spencer is the recognised champion. All the more on that account is my admiration for what he has done for us all, and for the solid masonry of constructive work built up by him for posterity. As to differences, what matters it? We must *all* differ on many points if we are active and honest thinkers. I happen to know that some of the most appreciative estimates of Huxley—whose portrait has been drawn with admirable literary skill, as well as self-forgetful devotion, by his son—were written, not by agnostics, but by Roman Catholics. The readers of THE BOOKMAN need not therefore be told that appreciation of Mr. Spencer is not to be measured by an endorsement of his opinions *seriatim*.

It would be impossible to discuss his work, and achievements in detail, in such an article as this. It would be out of place to attempt even the briefest estimate of the Synthetic Philosophy as a whole; or to indicate the grounds either of agreement with it, or of divergence from it. Fortunately for the world, there is little need of that. Mr. Spencer's completed works are now before it, in their finished form; and both Mr. Hudson and Mr. Collins have laid the students of Philosophy under a debt of gratitude for what they have done in the way of re-presenting, and lucidly summarising, Mr. Spencer's work. With the opinions of an individual writer on such matters, the outside reading world need concern itself very little. If it would be an impertinence now to discuss the scientific merits of Darwin in a fugitive paper such as this, it would be equally foolish to deal with the philosophy of Spencer within similar limits.

The point to be signalised is the way in which he long ago seized the root idea of *Evolution*, and evolved it in many ways, through numerous intricate by-paths, and in regions which were heretofore closed against its entrance as well as its domination. What Darwin did for us in the realm of Science, Spencer has done in the sphere of Philosophy—psychological, ethical, sociological, political, etc. To make the great idea—which he never pretended to create, but only to make luminous—*fruitful*, has been his continuous aim and his everlasting achievement. To seize it, and understand its relevancy, was not difficult. Many students at the beginning and in the middle of the nineteenth century did so—just as many, within the Indian, the Greek, and the Mediæval Schools had done—but to make it yield results that were verifiable, and adequately to appraise them one by one when worked out along unfamiliar lines, was a task of exceptional magnitude.

The annals of Mr. Spencer's comparatively uneventful career have been recorded, with accuracy and discrimination, in more than one periodical; and, what is much more important for posterity—his autobiography has been written. It is therefore unnecessary for anyone at the close of the year 1900 to try to trace out the story of his life in detail. But, while he is still with us, as a living power in the thought of the world, it may be useful to mention one or two facts, which will explain the illustrations accompanying this article.

Like Darwin, Mr. Spencer came from the English Midlands. His father was a teacher at Derby, and his training was scientific from the first. In languages other than his own he had no interest, and he entered into the realm of Philosophy not through the gateways of the classical world, but by the level paths of science. He had no University training, and a curious thing it is that he

reached his almost encyclopædic knowledge of phenomena and their processes, and became the writer of one of the best and most exact of English styles, without any scientific knowledge of the Greek or Latin languages. At the age of seventeen, in the year 1837, he found the earliest outlet to his activity in railway engineering, and was sent to learn it on the Gloucester and Birmingham Railway.

This experience must have been to Spencer what the polishing of his optical lenses was to Spinoza. The practice of engineering can never have fascinated him, although its science attracted him for a time. But it soon led him far beyond the precincts, and the laws, of a special sphere of knowledge; and his acquaintance with other departments induced him to attempt the co-ordination of each to each, and the discovery of a common principle which united the whole. Long before he was twenty years of age the bent of his mind was toward a synthetic, not an analytic view of things.

He very early assimilated the great truth of Development, and of man's place as an evolved element in the cosmos. The way had been prepared for this by the growth of the separate sciences, along so many different lines, since the century began. Lamarck, Geoffrey Saint Hilaire, Erasmus Darwin (the grandfather of Charles), Dr. Wells, Patrick Mathew, the author of the "The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," Professor Owen, and subsequently Baden-Powell—to mention only a few names in a long list—had seized and developed the idea, which even such a poet as Goethe had foreseen, and which the studies of continental embryologists confirmed. Mr. Spencer's first work, however, was not on a scientific, but a philosophical problem. "The Proper Sphere of Government" appeared in 1842,

NO. 8, NOW NO. 31, WILMOT STREET, DERBY,

The residence of Mr. Herbert Spencer's father, and his own home from 1827 to 1867.

Specially Photographed for THE BOOKMAN.

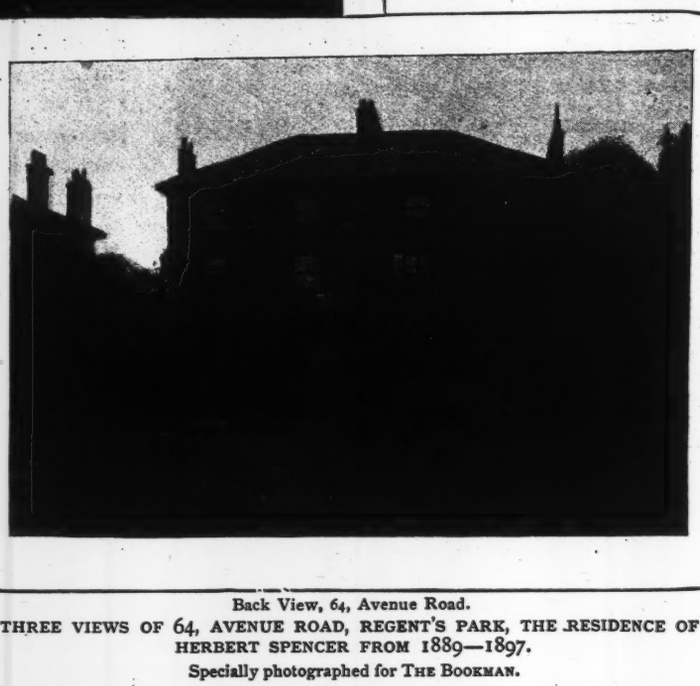
MR. HERBERT SPENCER, AGED 78.

when its author was twenty-two years of age. His "Social Statics" followed in 1850; and for four years afterwards he contributed articles to the *Westminster Review*, and other magazines. He first formulated his theory of organic Evolution in an essay on "The Development Hypotheses," published in the same year as that in which Darwin's "Origin of Species" appeared. The "Principles of Biology" was only a subsequent expansion of this early essay. A study of the subject of "Ceremonial Institutions" followed, and this gave rise to the "Principles of Sociology." In 1855 the "Principles of Psychology" appeared, which was a further application of his root idea amongst a fresh set of phenomena. Two years later an essay on "Progress: Its Law and Cause," co-ordinated his former work, and applied its ruling principle all round the circle. But these were mere anticipations of later and fuller work, the pilot-balloons of future discovery. In 1859 Darwin's "Origin of Species" appeared, a book which did more to revolutionise the modern trend of scientific work than any other book of the century. It was welcomed by Spencer, as a wonderful scientific analysis; but he continued to develop his Philosophy on lines of his own, and gave it shape in a vast original synthesis. In the year 1860 he issued a prospectus of his "System of Philosophy," designed to extend to ten volumes. In its original design it was perhaps the most encyclopædic attempt to co-ordinate the departments of human research since Aristotle constructed his map of the provinces of knowledge. It started from the elementary basis of the nature of all existing things, and proceeded to the evolution of organic structure, thence to the life of man; and there, first of all to his nature and development as an individual, next his relation to others in the social organism, and to the multitudinous development of his activities in Science, Art, Conduct, and Religion.

I have said that Spencer is our modern Aristotle; and, like Aristotle, he has had to delegate large portions of his work to be done for him by others, which has been most admirably performed. This great ideal, elaborated by him long ago, Mr. Spencer has carried out with patient zeal for many a year, in comparative obscurity, and with a half appreciative public. He found, what so many others have found, that the publication of philosophical books is not remunerative; but he toiled on—as Spinoza did—totally indifferent to commercial success. He has had many years of hard labour, with few or none of the rewards of authorship; and by his patient perseverance he has set a noble example to contemporaries. What as a young man he conceived, he continued to prosecute in the mid-time of his years, and as an old man has wrought out. Where can we find an intellectual parallel to this? With a calm and serene pertinacity—not egoistic, but determined—he has elaborated further and further, as from an intellectual fortress, far above the assaults of lesser combatants, a System of the Universe which is homogeneous from first to last.

Front View, 64, Avenue Road.

Drawing Room, 64, Avenue Road.



Back View, 64, Avenue Road.

THREE VIEWS OF 64, AVENUE ROAD, REGENT'S PARK, THE RESIDENCE OF HERBERT SPENCER FROM 1889—1897.

Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN.

If asked to select the one book amongst the many he has written, by which Mr. Spencer has done most for the world, I would unhesitatingly say it is his "First Principles"; all the more because it contains, along with his most characteristic teaching, the largest residuum of disputable propositions. I cannot here discuss its prevailing merits, or its place in the treasure-house of English philosophical literature, and I have expressed elsewhere my dissent from much that it contains. But, while even a casual reader is struck by its width and depth—while there may be some elements in his remarkable synthesis left out—no ingenuous student can peruse and re-peruse that volume without finding himself a debtor to the man who wrote it. Idealist and Realist, Monist and Dualist, every thinker of the century must own the debt,—however he may construe it. To have systematized phenomena, and unified them under a dominant principle or law or process, is surely a vast achievement and gain to all of us. It may be added that this book, "First Principles," has been recently translated into Japanese by Mr. Fujii, and that it is looked up to as an authoritative volume in the Universities both of Russia and Roumania. I may also refer to the "succinct" statement of the cardinal principles of his successive works, which Mr. Spencer furnished in three brief pages to Mr. Howard Collins, who has written such an admirable "Epitome of the Synthetic Philosophy." We have in it, and in the "Epitome," an exposition of the subject-matter of that Philosophy, concerned almost exclusively with the process of Evolution as exhibited throughout the inorganic, the organic, and

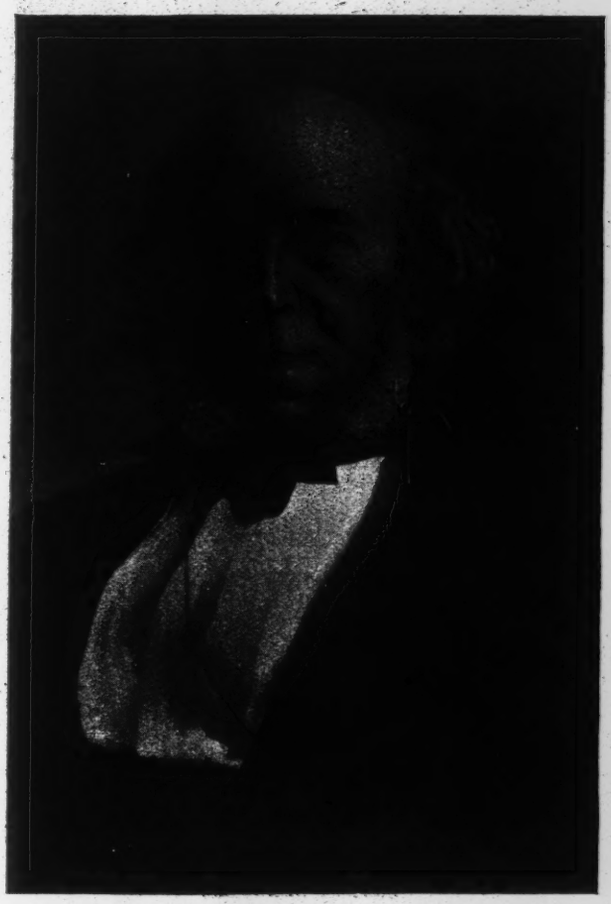
super-organic worlds; ignoring or treating very briefly the discussion of its metaphysical or theological bearings. As Mr. Spencer has pointed out in the Postscript to Part I. of his "First Principles," the doctrine set forth throughout the remainder of that volume is absolutely independent of any hypothesis respecting the ultimate nature of things.

For the last two years Mr. Spencer has spent an invalided life, almost in seclusion from his contemporaries; although the monotony of that seclusion has been broken by his habit of spending the summer months in some picturesque country place. He went for many seasons to Wiltshire, and this year he lived near Midhurst in Sussex, a district of charming scenery. But during these years he has not only completed the revision of his "Principles of Biology," but has published a revised edition of his "First Principles." He does not contemplate any further revision of his works. His eightieth birthday in April last brought him many sympathetic messages from friends and admirers at home and abroad, and a congratulatory address from savants in Australia and New Zealand. The present year and month are also noteworthy because they mark the lapse of fifty years since the completion of his first work, "Social Statics," the preface to which is dated December, 1850. His little work on "Education"—long since translated into the principal languages of the Orient and Occident—has recently been translated in Sanskrit, while selections from his philosophy have appeared in the Arabic journal, *Al Mokattan*.

All who have the privilege of knowing him are aware of his wonderful courtesy and modesty, allied to intellectual integrity. Many members of the Athenæum Club have the pleasantest recollections of the veteran philosopher, his genial ways, his clear-sighted talk, his fair-mindedness, and his urbanity. In appearance he might be taken for a septuagenarian rather than an octogenarian. He still reads his correspondence without eye-glasses, and his hearing powers are above the average. It may interest some to know that Mr. Spencer's Autobiography, already referred to, written before he went to live in London, extends to two volumes, and is now printed, although it will not be published while he lives.

In 1882 Mr. Spencer visited the United States, and spent some time in promoting an Anti-Aggressive League, the aim of which was to oppose the further expansion of our Empire. It was not successful, and the labour involved in promoting it was somewhat injurious to his health. There is doubtless much to be said on his side of the controversy, but it may be affirmed with confidence that it is not in the defence of industrialism *versus* military discipline and drill—as a safeguard of society, and the fosterer of patriotism—that Mr. Spencer's achievements have lain.

In the year 1889 he took a house in Avenue Road, near Regent's Park, London, where he lived till 1897. During these eight years he made continuous progress with the elaboration of the Synthetic Philosophy, chiefly at first in the ethical field. The "Data of Ethics" had been published so far back as June, 1879, and a fifth thousand copies of it—with an appendix, containing replies to criticisms—had been issued in 1887. In 1892 the first volume of the "Principles of Ethics" was published (in which the "Data" were reprinted as the first part), the "Inductions of Ethics" as the second, and the "Ethics of Individual Life" as third. In 1893 a second volume of the "Principles" was issued, the first part dealing with "Justice" (which, however, had been already published in 1891), the second with "Negative Beneficence," and the third with "Positive Beneficence"; these three being subsections of "The Ethics of Social Life," as the former three were sections of "The Ethics of Individual Life." These works completed his survey of the field of ethics; and before working out the next section of his system, he engaged in a noteworthy controversy with Weismann, in a



THE MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. HERBERT SPENCER.
From Photo by Elliott and Fry.

series of articles, in which he demonstrated the limits of the principle of Natural Selection, and vindicated the hereditary transmission of acquired characteristics. He then returned to complete his former work on the "Principles of Sociology," by supplementary matter dealing with "Professional Institutions" and "Industrial Institutions."

When his System of Philosophy drew near completion it occurred to many in this country and abroad that a congratulatory address should be presented to him, and that his portrait should be painted for the nation. Having throughout his life declined the offer of many addresses and titles, he was reluctant to accept this latest proposition, and tried to stop it; but when he found that those who had organised it belonged to almost every school of thought, including those who differed from him as to the very root of his Philosophy, he yielded. After about a year the portrait was painted, a reproduction of which is given along with this article. It may be interesting to the readers of

THE BOOKMAN to peruse the address and the list of those who signed it, as well as Mr. Spencer's reply. They are as significant, and almost as numerous, as those appended to the memorial address presented to Dr. Martineau on his

5, PERCIVAL TERRACE, BRIGHTON. MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S PRESENT RESIDENCE.

Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN by E Pannell, Brighton.

eighty-third birthday. The latter, although a philosophical opponent, signed the address to Mr. Spencer.

The following is the address :—

The Camp, Sunningdale, December 16th, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—We, the undersigned, offer you our cordial congratulations upon the completion of your System of Synthetic Philosophy.

Not all of us agreeing in equal measure with its conclusions, we are all at one in our estimate of the great intellectual power it exhibits, and of the immense effects it has produced on the history of thought; nor are we less impressed by the high moral qualities which have enabled you to concentrate those powers for so many years on a purpose worthy of them, and, in spite of all obstacles, to carry out so vast a design.

To the many who, like us, have learned to honour the man, while profiting by his writings, it would be a satisfaction to possess an authentic personal likeness of the author. It has therefore occurred to us that the occasion might be appropriately marked by requesting you to permit us to employ some eminent artist to take your portrait with a view to its being deposited in one of our national collections for the benefit of ourselves, and of those who come after us.

We hope that your health may be benefited by the leisure which you have earned so well, and that you may long continue to enjoy the consciousness of having completed your work.

W. de W. Abney, Robert Adamson, Grant Allen, Alexander Bain, George S. Baden-Powell, Arthur James Balfour, Robert Stawell Ball, H. Charleton Bastian, Frank E. Beddard, John Beddoe, Walter Besant, E. W. Bradbrook, Bernard Bosanquet, C. V. Boys, T. Lauder Brunton, Edward Clodd, F. Howard Collins, J. Crichton-Browne, W. H. Dallinger, Francis Darwin, George H. Darwin, W. E. Darwin, James Donaldson, M. E. Grant-Duff, Dysart, John Evans, Joshua Fitch, Michael Foster, Edward Frankland, Edward Fry, Douglas Galton, Francis Galton, Richard Garnett, George Grove, Albert C. L. G. Günther, Frederic Harrison, James Edmund Harting, Hobhouse, Henry Hobhouse, Shadworth Hodgson, Joseph Dalton Hooker, William Huggins, J. Hughlings Jackson, William Knight, Andrew Lang, E. Ray Lankester, Trevor Lawrence, W. E. H. Lecky, J. Norman Lockyer, John Lubbock, Vernon Lushington, P. A. MacMahon, James Martineau, David Masson, Raphael Meldola, C. Lloyd Morgan, John Morley, Hubert H. Parry, Pit-Rivers, Edward B. Poulton, William O. Priestley, Reay, Rayleigh, David G. Ritchie, Henry E. Roscoe, J. S. Burdon-Sanderson, George H. Savage, E. A. Schäfer, D. H. Scott, Henry Sidgwick, W. R. Sorley, Leslie Stephen, G. F. Stout, James Sully, W. T. Thistleton-Dyer, John Venn, Sidney Howard Vines, Willoughby Wade, Alfred Russel Wallace, Beatrice Webb, Victoria Welby, Samuel Wilks.

Mr. Gladstone wrote as follows :—

Hawarden, November 30th, 1896.

MY DEAR SIR,—It has long been my rule to decline joining in groups of signatures, nor do I think myself entitled to bear a prominent part in the present case. But I beg that you will, if you think proper, set me down as an approver of the request to Mr. Spencer, whose signal abilities and, rarer still, whose manful and self-denying character are so justly objects of admiration. I remain,

Your very faithful
W. E. GLADSTONE.

F. Howard Collins, Esq.

The following is Mr. Spencer's reply :

2, *Lewes Crescent, Brighton, December 19th*, 1896.

MY DEAR HOOKER.—If, as may fitly be said, the value of congratulation increases in a geometrical progression with the eminence of those offering them, I may, indeed, be extremely gratified by the accumulation coming from men standing so high in various spheres. And an accompanying pleasure necessarily results from the good wishes expressed for my health and happiness during my remaining days.

The further honour offered has caused in me some mental conflict. Eight years ago, to the enquiry whether I would sit for a subscription portrait to be painted by Millais, I replied negatively, assigning as reasons that the raising of funds to pay the costs of conferring marks of approbation had grown into an abuse, that the moral coercion under which contributions were in many cases obtained was repugnant to me, and that I objected to have my known and unknown friends asked to tax themselves to the required extent. These reasons survive, and, swayed by them, I recently sent a copy of the letter in which they had been stated to the gentlemen with whom the proposal now made originated, thinking thereby to prevent further trouble. I was unaware to how large an extent the proposal had been adopted, and how distinguished were the numerous gentlemen who had given it their support. I now find myself obliged either inconsistently to waive my objection, or else rudely to slight the cordially-expressed feelings and wishes of so many whose positions and achievements command my great respect. Between the alternatives there seems to be practically no choice. I am compelled to yield to the request made in so sympathetic a manner by signatories so eminent; and at the same time must express to them through you my full sense of the honour done me. I am, my dear Hooker, sincerely yours,

HERBERT SPENCER.

It may be added that since 1871 Mr. Spencer has received the Doctor's Degree from the Universities of St. Andrews, Bologna, Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Buda-Pesth; that he is foreign member or correspondent of the Academies of Rome, Turin, Naples, Paris, Philadelphia, Copenhagen,

Brussels, Vienna, Milan; and that he has the Prussian Order *Pour le Mérite*.

In conclusion, it may be said that no one who has followed Mr. Spencer's long career can fail to have noted—however much he differs from him—his supreme intellectual sincerity, and his patient scientific labour in multitudinous fields, along with his remarkable power of delegating research to fellow-workers. This has been combined with a very clear appraisal of the results reached at every stage. We have no parallel to it in the nineteenth century work of England, except in the achievements of Charles Darwin. Both men have done architectonic things, and both have been indifferent to temporary reward. There is a serene potency in the man who can isolate himself from a crowd of admirers and imitators, and devote his solitude to the continuous elaboration of a system which he himself magnificently organised. Knowing well the difference between notoriety and fame, he has been regardless of both in his devotion to knowledge for its own sake; and he will be remembered for these things by posterity as well, as, or much more than, for his work as a conservative iconoclast. He has seen, as few have done, the truth of Tennyson's lines:

> He is the true conservative
> Who lops the mouldered branch away.

From his estimate of the root principle of the Idealistic Philosophy, from his doctrines of Causality, Substance, and Force, from his speculative Nescience, from much in his Ethics, from his mode of classifying the Sciences, I happen to differ; but I yield to no one living in my admiration for what he has done for the world. It is surely something for a man who lives within an intellectual fortress buttressed round about by the armour-plates of modern science, and protected by artillery of his own devising, to have lived to see so many conquests silently achieved; or, to change the illustration, that one who has sown intellectual seed in early manhood, should live to see large harvests springing from it, and garnered in his age. *Sic itur ad astra.*

WILLIAM KNIGHT.

MR. BULLEN'S "WITH CHRIST AT SEA."*

I WOULD commend this book, not only to the few who take an interest in the Merchant Seaman—that noble outcast of the nation he supports—but to all who love manliness and simplicity. I shall offer little criticism upon it beyond saying that it relates, with a winning modesty, and with that queer blend of shyness and candour which anyone who has talked with merchant seamen about their private affairs will recognise at once as the genuine thing, the religious experience of an honest man, who sailed in many ships before finding "salvation" in a foreign port, and who afterwards clung to it and was sustained by it through many voyages in all kinds of company; and I will add that it has moved me strangely—more, I fear, through my love of seamen than by any religious illumination it contains for me, or at least conveys to me. The difficulties which many of us find of capital importance do not exist for Mr. Bullen. I am not thinking of "denominational" difficulties, though by these too he appears to have been unaffected; in the sensible vastness of sea and sky, no doubt, they became petty to him as they surely must to any landsman who, without such daily help from Nature, manages to keep his mental horizon clear. I refer rather to those fundamental doubts which a man, if once assailed by them, must wrestle with and defeat, or his Christianity is of small value. Of such Mr. Bullen takes little or no account. His hindrances were those of circumstance—ignorance, indifference, a boyhood of incredible hardship, talk of filthy companions, daily life in the foul atmosphere of the forecastle, habitual cursing and blasphemy. Once, indeed, in Rangoon, while watching the worshippers in the Shway Dagon Pagoda, he fell into talk with a highly educated Chinaman, who spoke to this effect:

"When I was at Cambridge reading for my degree, the subject of religion had a peculiar fascination for me. We Easterns are invariably of a metaphysical turn of mind, and problems arise in our discussion of theories intricate and far-reaching to an extent of which you Western races can form no estimate. So for a long time, as a mental recreation, I unravelled the threads spun by religionists of the West, finding as I went on less and less difficulty in understanding them, but led off into recondite speculations whereof the authors whose works I was studying never even dreamed. It was most enjoyable, but most unprofitable also from the point of view of the business for which I was in your country. Therefore, since we Chinese are also an exceedingly practical race, I had no hesitation whatever in abandoning my speculative researches into religion, which was, after all, only an intellectual amusement, and resuming my old mental attitude toward all religion."

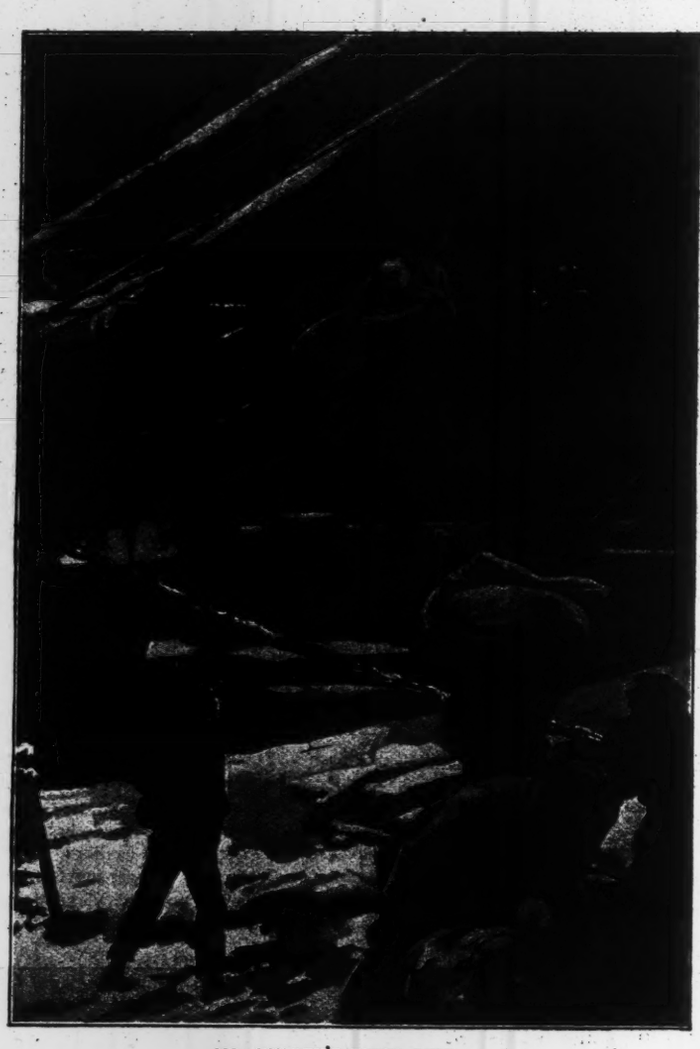
FRANK T. BULLEN, ÆT. EIGHT YEARS AND SIX MONTHS.

This interesting photograph was taken while Mr. Bullen was at school, and just before his "sudden hurling out into the troubled sea of violence."

"Imagine, if you can, what it must have meant to a child such as I was, at the age of nine, being transferred without a word of warning from the atmosphere of my aunt's quiet, godly home to a London laundry of over thirty years ago in Kensal New Town."—*With Christ at Sea.*

Mr. Bullen felt profoundly ignorant and awkward before this polished pagan, and longed exceedingly to be able to answer him. But his own faith, when it arrived, simply ignored these difficulties; his assurance was reached by no intellectual process, though by a process perhaps transcending intellect. His vessel happened to be lying at Port Chalmers, New Zealand. One Sunday evening he and a

* "With Christ at Sea." A Religious Autobiography. By Frank T. Bullen, Author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot," etc. 6s. (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1900.)



MR. BULLEN'S FIRST SHIP.

Reproduced from "The Log of a Sea-Waif," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

"The vessel in which I obtained a berth as cabin-boy was commanded by my uncle: a stubborn, surly, but thoroughly capable old seaman. Soured by misfortune and cross-grained by nature, it was small wonder that he had no friends, not even the sterling honesty of his character, or his high ability, being sufficient to counterbalance the drawback of his atrocious temper."

"It was a bleak, gloomy day in January when I first beheld her. The snow, which had fallen heavily for some days previously, was, wherever it could be, churned into filthy slush, and where undisturbed, was begrimed more into the similitude of soot-heaps than anything else. Everything wore a pinched, miserable appearance. So forbidding and hopeless was the outlook that, had it been practicable, I should certainly have retreated. But there was no choice; I had burned my bridges."—*The Log of a Sea-Waif.*

comrade were strolling ashore when a burst of music arrested them. It came from the upper room of a warehouse, where some earnest Christians of the port were holding a meeting. The pair climbed the stairs shyly, and were admitted. Profoundly moved by the music, and sweetly persuaded by one or two of the speakers—persuaded, at any rate, that here was something for which his soul hungered and cried—the young sailor answered the invitation to stay after the service. He sat with his face buried in his hands, waiting for he knew not what, painfully expecting some miracle to happen. One man approached and addressed him, but brought no comfort. Then, as he sat alone again, another hand touched him, and the touch gave him a thrill of hope; he looked up and saw a dark-faced little man, who had been acting as choir leader, and this man took a more efficacious way.

"Meeting my dim, stupid gaze with a look full of sympathy, he held out his hand, and when I took it, he did not let it go, but drew himself down by it, as it were, to a seat by my side. 'My dear boy,' he said, 'I am not going to ask you what your difficulties are. I have no right to do so, but I am going to tell you that He who has removed mine is ready to remove yours. Ready, yes, and eager. . . . . Listen: "He that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and he that believeth on Me shall never die. Believest thou this?"' As he looked on inquiringly, I replied, 'Yes, I believe; I dare not say I do not believe. I have always believed, even when, through hearing my shipmates denying His existence, I have been tempted to agree with them.' 'Then you have entered into everlasting life,' he said triumphantly."

The lad shook his head. He dared not say that: it would be a lie to say he had any feeling of the kind. His comforter at once caught him up, and proceeded to show that it was not a question of feeling but of fact. "You are," he said (if I may abbreviate), "like a man worrying about a debt which some friend has paid. In solemn fact it has been paid and you are free, yet you continue to fret about it. You are waiting for your feelings to assure you of the truth, instead of letting the truth assure and comfort your feelings."

"Every word spoken by the earnest little man went right to my heart, and when he ceased there was an appeal in his eyes that was even more eloquent than his words. But beyond the words and the look was an interpretation of them to me by some mysterious agency beyond all my comprehension. For in a moment the hidden mystery was made clear to me, and I said quietly, 'I see, sir; it is the credibility of God against the witness of my feelings. Then I believe God.' 'Let us thank God,' answered the little man, and together we knelt down by the bench."

Such is Mr. Bullen's story of his conversion, not by any means a singular story to those of us who have studied (say) the history of the Methodist Revival. The pages of the Arminian Magazine abound with instances similar and far more wonderful. But this tale has its own straightforwardness and sincerity, and will surely reach its own mark. Deeply interesting, too, is Mr. Bullen's account of the immediate effect of his conversion. He did not fall into any wild ecstasy: "there was no extravagant joy, no glorious bursting into light and liberty, such as I have since read about as happening on such occasions; it was just a lesson learned—the satisfaction consequent upon finding one's way after long groping in darkness and misery—a way that led to peace."

FRANK T. BULLEN AS A SEA-WAIF.

From a photograph taken when Mr. Bullen was fifteen.

"I love that description of conversion as the 'new birth.' No other definition touches the truth of the process at all. . . . . Happiness there certainly is, but it is the happiness of one who, after long delirium of fever, awakes one morning with cool hands and head, a delicious sensation of restfulness

FRANK T. BULLEN AS MATE.

This photograph was taken in Rotterdam when Mr. Bullen was twenty-three. It will be remembered that the cruise of the *Cachalot* took place some years earlier.

pervading every nerve, a consciousness of serene enjoyment of the dawn smiling in through the window, of the fresh cleanliness of the room, of healthy hunger presently to be satisfied."

Next morning all his work went easily: he was put to clean and paint the ship, and found himself enjoying the job; he felt a new desire to wash before eating his breakfast, and was chaffed for it by his messmates; he wanted to say a grace for his meat; he forgot to swear (he had often made a broken resolution against swearing, now he felt no temptation for it). His whole nature, in short, had been cleansed and all life had become sweet and fresh to it. Nor was this a transient mood: his happiness, in spite of ups and downs of fortune, has lasted with him ever since.

What confirms the reader's pleasure is the entire absence of pharisaism—of that censorious piety which so often sets the sailor's back up against a "Holy Joe." Mr. Bullen appears to have let pass few necessary occasions of proclaiming the faith that is in him; yet he admits more than once with sorrow how difficult he found it, with his sociable nature, to play the kill-joy and separate himself from the forecastle talk, of which, as a Christian, he was forced to disapprove. His judgments of his comrades are astonishingly tolerant and sympathetic. Of the few saints (such as they are) in his pages he speaks with eager, even beautiful, affection; and in particular of Rasmus Rasmussen, the gigantic Norwegian, who from "one of the most truculent blackguards that ever made trouble on board ship" was transformed into the gentlest of Christ's servants, a man "full of the overwhelming love of God." But of the many sinners, too, he speaks with fairness, even with tenderness. For, saints or sinners, they were mostly good seamen, and Mr. Bullen knows how much that means.

Are we (I wonder)—we who are engaged just now in shouting about Empire—coming at length to understand the Merchant Seaman who supports that Empire? He is neither a gentleman in khaki, nor a newspaper editor, nor a *tenore robusto*, nor in the least like any one of them. He has no vote, and is in consequence treated as negligeable by our politicians. His life—according to one of the most applauded of them—has no monetary value, and no widow ought to be compensated for his death. In the height of our commercial prosperity (*his* gift) we denied "him the million or so necessary for a couple of harbours of refuge to prevent his unhandsome corpse from washing up against our comfortable shores—as corpses will." Philanthropists rarely remember him, and only to play the fool and earn no thanks; for he has a well-grounded distrust of them. As for the conditions of his life, on one point all forecastles are agreed—that there can be no hell for sailors. And yet he has never conceived of himself as a pathetic figure, and would grin—possibly blaspheme—at the picture. He and the fellows he talks with spend their lives on

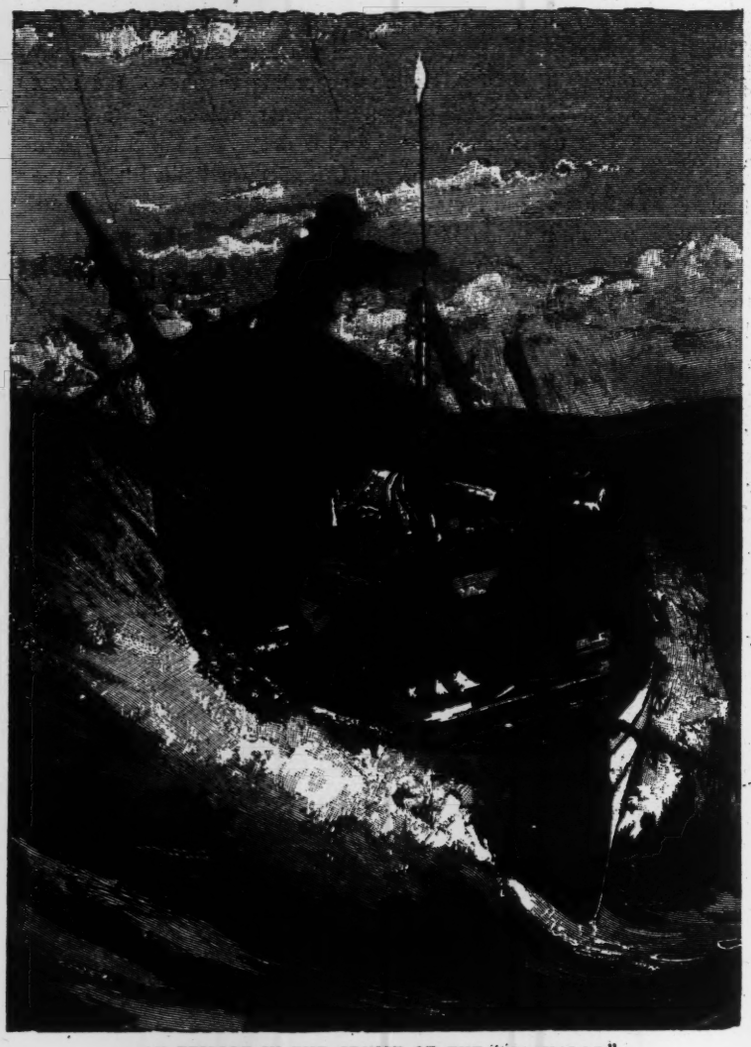
> "The moving waters at their priest-like task
> Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,"

but wherever they touch, in whatever fair harbour they drop anchor for a while, they find a hell—a hell not made by them or men of their calling, but provided by landsmen who prey on them. Most curious of all is their wistful

"THE CACHALOT."

Reproduced from "The Cruise of the Cachalot," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

"A more perfect contrast to the trim-built English clipper-ships that I had been accustomed to I could hardly imagine. She was one of a class characterized by sailors as 'built by the mile, and cut off in lengths as you want 'em,' bow and stern almost alike, masts standing straight as broomsticks, and bowsprit soaring upwards at an angle of forty-five degrees."—*The Cruise of the Cachalot.*



AN EPISODE IN THE CRUISE OF THE "CACHALOT."

Reproduced from "The Cruise of the Cachalot," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

"The whale started off to windward with us at a tremendous rate. The other boats, having no line, could do nothing to help, so away we went alone, with barely a hundred fathoms of line, in case he should take it into his head to sound again. The speed at which he went made it appear as if a gale of wind was blowing, and we flew along the sea surface, leaping from crest to crest of the waves with an incessant succession of cracks like pistol-shots."

respect for landsmen!—as for strangely fortunate creatures, gods almost, dwelling (as Mr. Conrad put it the other day) in "a resplendent world that exists within the frontier of infamy and filth, within that border of dirt and hunger, of misery and dissipation, that comes down on all sides to the water's edge of the incorruptible ocean, and is the only thing *they* know of life, the only thing they see of surrounding land—those life-long prisoners of the sea." And yet, because the noblest function of man is to *serve*, in their degradation you touch nobility. Lewd, childish, blasphemous, they are good comrades with it all, good fellows to live with and to know. Says Mr. Bullen of the crew with whom he sailed as a child of twelve (!) :—

"Looking back upon that time years after I have often thought with deepest feeling of the behaviour of these rude, almost savage men. They modified their language for my sake. If I entered the fo'csle during the telling of one of their usual tales of a 'Highway' debauch there was an instant hush, nor, although one or two of them grumbled a little at first about it, was this practice ever altered whilst that crew were together. I had nothing to give them in return but affection, and with that I was overflowing."

Above all, they do their work; "bowed and enduring, like stone caryatides that hold up in the night the lighted halls of a resplendent and glorious edifice." That edifice is the British Empire—no less. And as out of the strong comes forth sweetness, so out of the life of these men has come to us this sweet and unstrained book.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

ONE OF THE BOATS UPON WHICH MR. BULLEN WAS MATE.

NEW BOOKS.

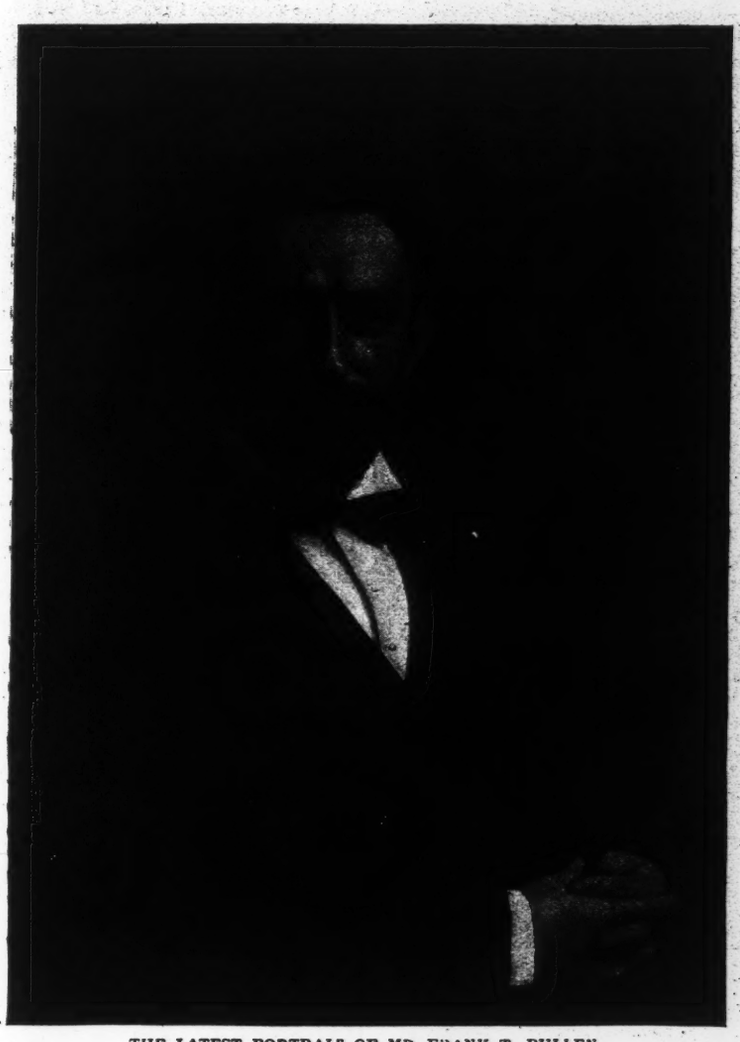
HUXLEY.*

A record of intellectual work almost unparalleled in amount and variety, the mere recital of which is fatiguing; a story of unnumbered controversies, scientific, philosophical, political, and theological; such is the life of Huxley as portrayed in these volumes.

The author of the larger work has adopted the method of making the letters tell most of the story of the life. These are chronologically arranged, and to each is prefixed whatever explanation is necessary to make the narrative continuous. This method of writing a biography has the advantage of putting the reader in possession of the original documents of the history, but whether it is wholly satisfactory or not is an open question.

In the case of one whose career was so much before the curtain, and whose work was so largely official, it is plain that the more public sides of his life must be more prominently represented in his letters than the more private and personal. A biography written after this fashion is consequently apt to be lopsided. We learn a good deal of Huxley the student and man of science (though this side of his life is much better represented in the volumes of his collected scientific papers). We gather some information about Huxley the administrator at the head of great scientific enterprises, and an active member of Educational Boards. We have far too much concerning Huxley the controversialist, but of Huxley the man we have little direct presentation. From any man's letters one learns rather what he thinks of himself, and can only fill up the details of the actual portrait by inference. What we do infer leads us to believe that in this respect Huxley was a nobler figure and a greater man than he represents

* "Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley." By his son, Leonard Huxley. 2 vols. 30s. (London: Macmillan and Co., 1900.)
"Thomas Henry Huxley: A Sketch of his Life and Work." By P. Chalmers Mitchell, M.A. (Oxon). Leaders of Science Series. 5s. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1900.)



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. FRANK T. BULLEN.
From Photo by Elliott & Fry.

himself to be in his letters. The ordinary reader will be able to form a better appreciation of the man from Mr. Chalmers Mitchell's work than from the larger volumes, although the author, like most of those who came under the spell of Huxley's remarkable personality, is perhaps a little too enthusiastic, and certainly represents his hero as more orthodox both in philosophy and theology than Huxley represents himself as being in his own letters.

Huxley, as portrayed by himself, is an interesting psychological study. He had a remarkable power, inherited, he tells us, from his mother, of rapidly grasping the bearings of phenomena, they flashed upon him as if by intuition. The mental concepts thus arrived at were quite clear in his mind, and he had in an unusual degree the power of expressing his thoughts in precise and appropriate language, so that his readers are never at a loss to know what he meant to express. The conclusions reached in this manner were for him the truth and the whole truth, and as such he felt it to be his imperative duty to proclaim regardless of consequences. He had no sympathy with those who find difficulty in the balancing of probabilities in matters of doubtful issue, still less with anything that savoured of compromise. He who could not see eye to eye with him might be a fool, but was more probably either a charlatan or a dupe, and deserved to be treated accordingly. It was this that made him the merciless opponent which he showed himself to be in controversy.

Another result of the rapidity of his mental processes was that it led him to regard all mental phenomena objectively, and did not discriminate between the subjective and the objective in experience. Regarding the operation of mind as a bundle of phenomena, he denied the fundamental character of experience as continuous process. With clearness of judgment he combined a tenacity in holding his opinions, and an extreme of self-reliance which rendered him dogmatic in argument. Some of the more public of the polemical displays referred to in his letters were with men of much smaller calibre, who either from inability or carelessness failed to comprehend his logical position, and in consequence delivered themselves easily into his hands. It was probably this which led him in some cases into rather cheap methods of argument. It is much to be regretted that so large a part of the book should be occupied with the accounts of these ephemeral controversies. They only show the marvellous readiness of the man who with so little of the training or knowledge necessary for original criticism could prove himself such a formidable adversary, but in this department there is nothing he attempted in the way of destructive criticism which had not been better done by others before him. When the history of biblical criticism comes to be written in the cold light of the future, it is unlikely that his name will be mentioned in the record, just as in the most recent history of philosophy, in which English philosophy is treated at length, he only appears by name as a friend of Darwin, as a friend of Spencer, and as the inventor of the name Agnostic.

The qualities which made him so forcible in polemic were those by which, in his own proper sphere, he did the work on which his fame will rest in futurity. The quick perception by which he could interpret the obscure and defaced features of the fossil remains of reptile or fish enabled him to do work in palæontology in the course of a few years which would have taken the long lifetime of a slower man. By applying the principles of Darwinism to the formation of a methodical classification of animals, he brought to light many relationships unsuspected before, and cleared away a host of obscurities, rendering possible a scientific animal morphology. Of this part of his work there is too little in his life, but it is well summarised by Mr. Chalmers Mitchell.

Some of the most interesting sections of the life and letters deal with his public official life in connection with the Geological Survey, the Science Schools of Kensington, the London School Board, the Fisheries Commission, etc. And the letters dealing with universities in general and with the reconstitution of the London University are important and suggestive.

While there is much that might have been with advantage omitted, and much that those who respect the memory of Huxley would wish to have seen treated in greater detail, yet taken all in all the biography is one which must be read by any one who wishes to understand the progress of biological science in England in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Those who have not time to tackle the larger work will find in the smaller compendium a graphic account of this leader of science and of his work. And he was one in whose life work there was no admixture of self-seeking, and who was ever ready to sacrifice his own personal interests to the cause of that which he believed to be the truth. ALEX. MACALISTER.

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY'S HISTORY OF CRITICISM.*

It is right that a History of Criticism and Literary Taste should come from Edinburgh, where Rhetoric

* "A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe." By George Saintsbury, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. In Three Volumes. Vol. I. Classical and Mediæval Criticism. 16s. (Blackwood. 1900.)

MR. A. R. FALCONER, OF THE SAILORS' REST, DUNEDIN,

One of Mr. Bullen's Port Chalmers Friends.

"We climbed a steep and tortuous series of stairs to the top of the building, where a sweet-faced little man with fair whiskers met us, and, giving us books, conducted us to a seat among the benches a few rows from the platform."—*With Christ at Sea.*

has long been a favourite theme as well as an established subject in the University. If the movements of this present world are of any interest to the shadows, one may imagine Mr. Saintsbury's book being received with approval by persons formerly of importance in Edinburgh; perhaps even Sir George Mackenzie escaping for one midnight hour from his bad reputation as a persecutor and his eminence as a lawyer to recall the politer studies and more elegant literary tastes of his time in

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY.

From a New Photograph, Copyright by S. S. McClure Co.

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conversation with the Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in Edinburgh College. Criticism is not universally honoured as a profession; those who have not read the gibes of Pope or Fielding remember the quotation from "Lothair" about "the fellows who have failed in literature and in art," and even the children know from Hans Andersen that very few critics go to heaven when they die. But there is also another strain of opinion, in which critics are honoured, and that has always been well represented in Edinburgh. Mr. Blackwood's publication of this history is in keeping with the traditions of his town.

While there is much of the old world in Mr. Saintsbury's history, it is not really "old-fashioned" except as having a subject which used to be rather more in favour than it is now. It may be said at once that Mr. Saintsbury has engaged in a task of enormous difficulty, and has disposed of some of the heaviest parts of it with the most satisfactory and pleasant results. The history of ancient and mediæval criticism in this volume has illuminated a number of dark places in the literary progress of Europe, and made some very unattractive books provide instruction and amusement as they are here interpreted and described. The author has the right kind of courage, and no small amount of courage was needed in attempting to get light out of some of the works of criticism that are considered in his survey. He is justified by the result, which proves that he knew what he was about, and had calculated the risks.

It is not at first a promising subject. In ancient and mediæval criticism there is hardly anything that seems at first to be worth remembering. Criticism, like translation, is "the wrong side of the tapestry," as compared with original poetry or prose, but ancient criticism is seldom even as much as this. It is generally out of all relation to the valuable parts of literature; it seems to ignore everything that makes poetry what it is. There are no pleasant talks about books, there is no Hawthornden, no Club, no Spence's anecdotes. One's impression of it all is that from the days of the Seven Sages down to Sidney's Apology, literary criticism was either (1) school explanation of texts, 'teasing with obvious comment and torturing with inevitable inference"; or (2) allegorical interpretation, for the sake of moral or spiritual instruction; or (3) scrutiny of authors to find examples of the things taught by the professors of rhetoric—*Antiphrasis, Epizeuxis, Anadiplosis*, etc. Mr. Saintsbury has not been appalled by those waste tracts of literary history. He has gone through the rhetoricians, and has found out what they are worth. How much he has sacrificed he will not tell, but when one thinks of the mass of printed stuff in existence belonging to this subject, and also of the good things that had to be renounced for this, the romances, plays, and cheerful memoirs that had to be left alone in order to get through *Rhetores Graeci*, if this History of Criticism was to be written, there are hardly words available to praise the heroism of the undertaking. Perhaps Mr. Saintsbury has read everything else, but even then the strength of his will is remarkable. He has not gone through the rhetoricians merely to boast of what he has done; he has brought back a report of them. If it is not a disclosure of any very fascinating unknown matter in literature, it at any rate clears up a large part of the past life of the world. The History of Criticism gives what other historians have generally neglected, yet what has taken up almost as much of human energy as war and religion. From long before the march of Alexander and his men till long after the recoil of the East in the streaming invasions of Mahomet, the work of the rhetorician continued, and was not disturbed by battles, earthquakes, or pestilences. What was mankind most concerned with between the time of Socrates and the time of Bacon? Partly with the salvation of the soul, and with political revolutions and conquests, but in very large part with the various prescriptions for ornamental kinds of sentence as these were understood and taught by the professional tutors. This portion of history, the meaning of which is so admirably brought out by Dr. Hatch in his "Hibbert Lectures," is explained from another point of view by Mr. Saintsbury. It has a curious effect; the progress of the world regarded from the rhetorical schools, the centuries passing to the accompaniment of Epizeuxis and Anadiplosis from masters who take their office seriously. Universal history in this aspect comes to look like a capital city with all its main streets and squares ignored, no notice taken of the great thoroughfares where the conquerors and the prelates go in procession. But there are other things in Mr. Saintsbury's book besides his account of the rhetoricians. There are some great critics whose work stands out in his description—Aristotle, Longinus, and Dante; and there are smaller men like Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who are shown to have possessed good literary wits. Mr. Saintsbury has detected more than one half forgotten saying, like the description of the literary vocation by Simylus the comic poet, which may go far to redeem the ancient world from the charge of professional pedantry in these subjects.

Aristotle is treated a little hardly by Mr. Saintsbury when he is censured for his exaggerated estimate of Tragedy. If Tragedy "has never held anything like the position here assigned to it, save twice in two thousand years and more," so much the worse for the two thousand years. If Aristotle had known that Tragedy was to leave the world for all that time before returning in its due period, would that have been a reason for making it of less importance? Further, as Aristotle certainly had more opinions about poetry than those extant in his works, it is rather hazardous to determine his comparative measurement of the different kinds. Tragedy is his principal business in the demonstrations called the Poetics,

but he had other lecture notes about other species. Mr. Saintsbury also is unjust to Aristotle when he seems to doubt the possibility of Aristotle ever being less than serious. But the author of the satirical characters in the Ethics, and the inventor of the animal ten thousand stadia long, had ways of expression besides those of the grave lecturer.

With Longinus and with Dante Mr. Saintsbury finds himself released from the ordinary prosaic teacher of whom there is so much in the early record of criticism. Here are the compensations for the dulness of the professional men. The historian comes to his proper subject, in the zest and glow of generous admiration for poetical success, as in the essay of Longinus, and in Dante's remarkable dissertation *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, which turns from a philological examination of the dialects of Italy to a theory of poetical style such as was not rivalled by the proudest and most self-confident dictators of the time of the Renaissance.

This History, which is admirable in its perseverance among the slower books, would have been incomplete without the glories of Longinus and of Dante; they quicken the work, and lift it far above the encumbrances of the professional rhetoricians. The two remaining volumes of Mr. Saintsbury's History will have in great part a different kind of matter from the ancient and the mediæval authors, though with many ancient things surviving. The chapter on Longinus proves that the new lights when they appear will be properly recognised and welcomed.

W. P. KER.

MILTON AND OTHER SEVENTEENTH CENTURY MEN OF LETTERS.*

Goethe in his old age, quoting a line of Nonnus so good as to have been mistaken for Homer's, compared himself to the evening sun, setting, but the same sun still. *Untergehend sogar ist's immer dieselbige Sonne.* Not all the great poets who have attained length of days could have made this honourable boast. Milton could, and his career is more accurately discriminated than most into the periods of sunrise, noon, and sunset. It is the one fault of Professor Raleigh's admirable critical monograph to have almost entirely ignored Milton's wondrous morning. He has fallen into the opposite error to Mark Pattison, who was so fascinated by the early fruits of his author's genius as to censure him for devoting himself to politics for a season. Professor Raleigh perceives that a Milton who could have shunned the service of his country at such a time could have been no Milton, but, in his admiration for the figure thus heroically displayed, has hardly a word for "Comus," "Lycidas," and their companions. Yet the production of "Comus" and "Lycidas" upon a mere external prompting is more wonderful than the idealisation of the poet's own fortunes in "Samson Agonistes," or the composition of "Paradise Regained" as a needful supplement to his greatest work. By virtually ignoring Milton's early poetry, Professor Raleigh has disabled himself from commenting upon the most extraordinary phenomenon of his career, the operation of what modern psychologists term unconscious cerebration. Having given such earnest of poetical power as "Comus" and "Lycidas," conscious of his ability to take a place among the foremost bards of all time, and afire with ambition to do so, Milton suddenly stops, and for twenty years nothing proceeds from his pen except an occasional sonnet. Nowhere else is there such a gap between the sunrise and the noontide period of a great poet. But when Milton's sun is beheld again, it is at its zenith. It is his ordinary occupation to dictate the most sublime poetry from day to day, without break and without effort. This can only be explained as the result of unconscious cerebration, of the mind working and brooding and revolving upon itself in its own recesses, while the man deems himself wholly absorbed in thoughts of another order. Hence the superiority of "Paradise Lost" to Milton's last poems; the stimulus of this long hidden mental activity was exhausted, and he wrote with less of the bard and more of the artist.

Although we cannot but wish for a fuller treatment not only of Milton's earlier, but of his later poems, we must own that none of the space devoted by Professor Raleigh to "Paradise Lost" could well have been spared. His account of the general scheme of the poem, with observations on the nature and sources of Milton's ideas on matters actual and speculative, will be found invaluable by the student; and the chapter on Milton's style, metre, and diction abounds with exquisite remarks. That on Milton's prose writings is full of the soundest criticism on points of style, but gives little information respecting the substance of the books; and indeed a fair knowledge of Milton is everywhere presupposed, and the student will reap nothing but disappointment who resorts to Professor Raleigh for an elementary acquaintance with his subject.

Professor Dowden's "Puritan and Anglican" is also confined to the seventeenth century, although the title might be held to imply a wider range. It may be described as a series of essays depicting the most eminent literary representatives of either section; the Hookers, Jeremy Taylors, and George Herberts; the Miltons, Baxters, and Bunyans. Every essay bears the stamp of sound judgment and high culture, but Professor Dowden is perhaps most successful in treating such of his personages as are, strictly speaking, neither Anglicans nor Puritans. Such are Sir Thomas Browne, whose philosophic spirit transcended the controversies of his day; Samuel Butler, assuredly nothing of a Puritan, but as certainly little of an Anglican; and Locke, Tillotson, and the other wise and tolerant men who guided the transition from the seventeenth to the eighteenth century. With these Professor Dowden is in more decided sympathy than with the representatives of ecclesiastical or Puritan ideas, and his treatment of them is more intimate and sympathetic. The others are criticised more from the outside, yet always in an appreciative spirit. Perhaps the most valuable of all the essays is that on Richard

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF PROF. EDWARD DOWDEN.
From Photo by Lafayette.

Hooker, not because it is better executed or more informing than the rest, but because Hooker has too often been tacitly relinquished to divines as their exclusive property.

RICHARD GARNETT.

MR. BUTLER'S TRANSLATION OF THE ODYSSEY.*

Mr. S. Butler is well known as the author of "Erewhon" and also as the originator of a theory that The Odyssey was written in Sicily by "a very young woman." To that view he still holds strongly, regarding the silence of scholars about his arguments as proof of the impossibility of finding any flaws in

* "Milton." By Walter Raleigh. 6s. (Edward Arnold.)
"Puritan and Anglican Studies in Literature." By Edward Dowden. 7s. 6d. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.)

* "The Odyssey Rendered into English Prose." By S. Butler. 7s. 6d. (London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1900.) pp. 327.

them (p. 6), and throughout the present translation he adds frequent notes to show that certain passages indicate a woman's hand. When, for instance, the seals of Proteus are described as giving off "a very strong and fish-like smell" (p. 406) he asks whether this does not mark the writer as "a person of delicate sensibility, to whom the strong smell of fish is distasteful." Or again, when Ulysses in bidding good-bye to the Phæacians (13, 46) says, "may you whom I leave behind me give satisfaction to your wives and children," Mr. Butler argues that "a male writer would have said, 'may your wives give satisfaction to you.'" He, in fact, applies to questions of literary identification the methods of Sherlock Holmes, or of that critic who deduced the authenticity of the Third Gospel from the fact that its writer, in describing the woman "who had spent all her money upon physicians, neither was healed of any," *omits* the words (which Mark gives) "but rather grew worse."

As regards his translation, however, Mr. Butler's work has the clear merit of vivacity. To the "Wardour Street English" which some translators affect, he objects rightly. The Odyssey is essentially a tale, and a tale must be told in language which seems natural and not artificial. "Tell of these things, goddess," say Messrs. Butcher and Lang. "whencesoever thou hast heard thereof"; but the Muse of story-telling is a wilful damsel, who goeth whithersoever she listeth, has, that is to say, a way of her own, and, when wooed in archaisms, hearkeneth not thereunto. Mr. Butler has recognised this fact, but is inclined to err in an opposite direction. He writes English, but his English is often needlessly commonplace. For example, on p. 75, immediately after a description of heaven, "where no wind beats roughly, and neither rain nor snow can fall, but it abides in everlasting sunshine and in a great peacefulness of light," we have Nausicaa begging "papa dear" to let her have his "dirty clothes" to wash, as he ought to have "a clean shirt" when he attends "meetings of the council." This is incongruous, and reduces the primitive simplicity of the original to something which approaches vulgarity. A plain style is not necessarily a mean style, and translators of The Odyssey should prepare themselves for their task by reading "Gulliver's Travels."

At times Mr. Butler takes considerable liberties with his text. He makes, for example, the prow of a ship (13, 84) "curvet as it were the neck of a stallion," and it is disappointing, on turning to the original, to find that this represents the simple *πρύμνη μὲν ἀείρετο*. Or again, when an ox is slain in sacrifice (3, 450), he makes the females present "scream with delight," whereas *ὀλόλυξαν* describes nothing so unfeminine, but the utterance of a special cry which regularly accompanied the completion of a sacrificial act. On the whole, however, he is accurate, and, above all, interesting. You can read the story as a story, and that is saying a great deal.

It remains to refer to a very interesting photograph (p. 38) of "a courtyard at Selinunte" which admirably illustrates the Homeric *ἀίθουσα*, or covered corridor, and to a still more remarkable one (p. 113) of the "Grotta di Polifemo" with a sheep fold still inside it as in the days of Ulysses. Scholars, too, will be thankful for the note on 12, 253, where a fisherman, after baiting the spot, *ἐς πόντον προΐησι βοὸς κέρας*, which Mr. Butler explains of spearing the fish with a spear tipped with an ox's horn, stating that he has frequently seen this done off the coast of Sicily. Anyone who compares this with the orthodox explanation of *κέρας* as "a sheath of horn put round the shank of the hook where it joins the line to prevent its being bitten through" will be able to judge how much superior facts are to theories, even in commenting on the classics.

T. E. PAGE.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

Enquire of the man not acquainted with Americans of culture what a Professor at Harvard would say of his native genius and its productions during the last couple of centuries—how would he reply? It is more than likely that he would suppose the American to talk in the language of Mark Twain, with endless brags about the past, and a "spread eagle" prophecy of the future; the United States were bound to make old lumber of all that Shakespeare, Dante, Æschylus had bequeathed—and so forth. But we open Professor Wendell's book, and it is in quite another strain. Learning it has, and style, and thought; the information is full, the order lucid; in the punctilio which respects living writers and present institutions, it reminds one almost of an inaugural address at the French Academy. The Professor is not only good-natured; he is considerate; if he has a fault, it seems to be the modesty which hesitates to speak great things even of the Emersons and the Hawthornes, who, when all is said and done, will surely claim their place in the world's literature.

Professor Wendell has put forth an admirable, a suggestive study of his country's writers. To me every page is interesting; but perhaps a shorter sketch would take a wider audience. Were the summaries of current English literature needed? We miss the full account of Franklin, which never has failed to be stimulating; and Hawthorne occupies only a brief chapter. On Edgar Poe the Professor is, to my thinking, severe, if not unjust; nor does he dwell upon the extraordinary influence which Poe has wielded, through Baudelaire, on the movement known as Decadent in France—certainly worth remarking, if only as a symptom of the change towards reaction—towards mysticism—now setting in. The horizons of this book are English rather than European, although Professor Wendell notes the growing acquaintance of his fellow-students with classic and modern authors outside the British Isles. He is always overshadowed by reminiscences of Washington Irving, whom he praises more than all the other Americans; and he writes as in Westminster Abbey. One is tempted to exclaim, "Courage, Professor; you will have, all in good time, a Westminster Abbey of your own! Strong men lived before Agamemnon—and after him." But the cultivated American is a born conservative; polished, quiet—let us say it frankly, timid. Or perhaps it would be nearest the truth to describe him as shy, with the feeling of a susceptible youth when he enters the great world for the first time. Our Professor sees in this ancient Europe something "ineffably human"—its antiquities, history, art, classics of all nations, overpower him when he compares with them his Chicago, and even his Boston. Everywhere he recognises a greatness in our Eastern World, which discourages or prompts to close imitation. And he is losing faith in democracy, because he thinks it at war with excellence.

So much for the tone of these lectures. Their theme, or drift, is easily caught. Do we ask, what is American literature? The answer comes that it is the offspring of Calvinism, and a revolt against it; that it has lived in New England, and a little at New York, and nowhere else; that with the comparative decline of Boston it has declined; and that it holds out no certain promise of a future. The American has ceased to be English of the seventeenth or eighteenth century. He is not yet modern—he is only democratic. In a word, he has never absorbed Goethe, or been schooled by Kant, or really transcended his Puritanism. He is neither of the Renaissance nor the Decadence; and when he learns Latin, Greek, French, he becomes in too many examples an amateur of style, not a master of thought. All this appears to mean that the American is still at college. But the freshman who wins the Newdigate at twenty-two sometimes strikes an original chord at thirty; and in that hope we lay down this pleasant but not too sanguine account of what our kin over sea have done for humane letters.

WILLIAM BARRY.

* "A Literary History of America." By Barrett Wendell. Professor of English at Harvard College. 16s. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE JOURNALIST-HISTORIAN.*

The modern journalist plays many parts, nor is this the first time that he has encroached upon the domain of the historian. After all, at this stage, if a history must be written so soon, no man is better qualified to write it than one who has the resources of a great newspaper behind him. Till men's passions have died away, and the war has faded into the past, a true judicial account of it can hardly be written; and until the true historian can have free scope, this *Times* history is likely to remain the fullest and most accurate summary of the details of the war and of the events which led up to it. Moderate in tone and luminous in style, its abundance of detail and valuable quotations must give it a permanent value for reference purposes, even when a later generation has revised the views it upholds. It is the material for history, though in itself it is rather an "apologia pro bello." It is too early yet to demand

* "The *Times* History of the War in South Africa." Vol. I. Edited by L. S. Amery. 15s. (Sampson Low.)
"The History of the Boer War." By F. H. E. Cunliffe. 15s. (Methuen.)
"Campaign Pictures." By A. G. Hales. 6s. (Cassell.)
"How we Kept the Flag Flying." By Donald Macdonald. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)
"In the Web of War." By H. F. Prevost Battersby. 6s. (Methuen.)

impartiality, but we venture to think that a broader view might well, and indeed ought to have been, taken in writing a book so elaborate and pretentious that it must long remain the chief work on this subject.

Mr. Cunliffe's book is on a less ambitious scale. Beginning with the actual outbreak of hostilities, it aims at giving a clear and popular account of the war from the military standpoint. This type of book scarcely admits of criticism, except by the military expert. We feel compelled to echo the famous phrase of the reviewer who said, "Those who like this sort of thing will find this the sort of thing they like." In other words, Mr. Cunliffe does his best to explain a technical subject to lay minds. If battles seem to some of us monotonously similar, that is not his fault. He writes plainly and vigorously, and no better present could be suggested for an enthusiastic volunteer than this "History of the Boer War."

Mr. Hales stands out among war correspondents by his audacity of style and opinion. We see the war as it appears to the Australians, to a young, rough, but vigorous people. Mr. Hales' work is crude, uneven, and sometimes very bad. Nothing can be more irritating than mere mannerisms, when the writer has nothing to say. But when Mr. Hales is at his best, his very crudity gives him power. His unconventional phrases stamp themselves on the memory. At his best he is unforgetable, at his worst at least original, and a contrast to the average "special," not only in manner, but in his dislike of the war. He would treat the capitalist as summarily as he would the War Office, which is saying a good deal. Perhaps one of the best of these sketches is "Through Boer Glasses," but there are many others equally good.

Mr. Hales is not the only Australian in the field. Mr. Macdonald, who went through the siege of Ladysmith, is quite his equal in breeziness and vigour, and has, too, the literary qualities essential to a long continuous narrative. His is the best account we have yet read of the great attack on Cæsar's Hill, the final answer to the reproach that a Boer only fights behind cover. It is not easy to make "copy" out of the deadly monotony of a siege, yet Mr. Macdonald compels our interest from beginning to end. Clear, concise, and vivid, he rivals, except in the matter of style, the best of the English correspondents. His work and that of Mr. Hales reflect great credit on the enterprise and power of Australian journalism.

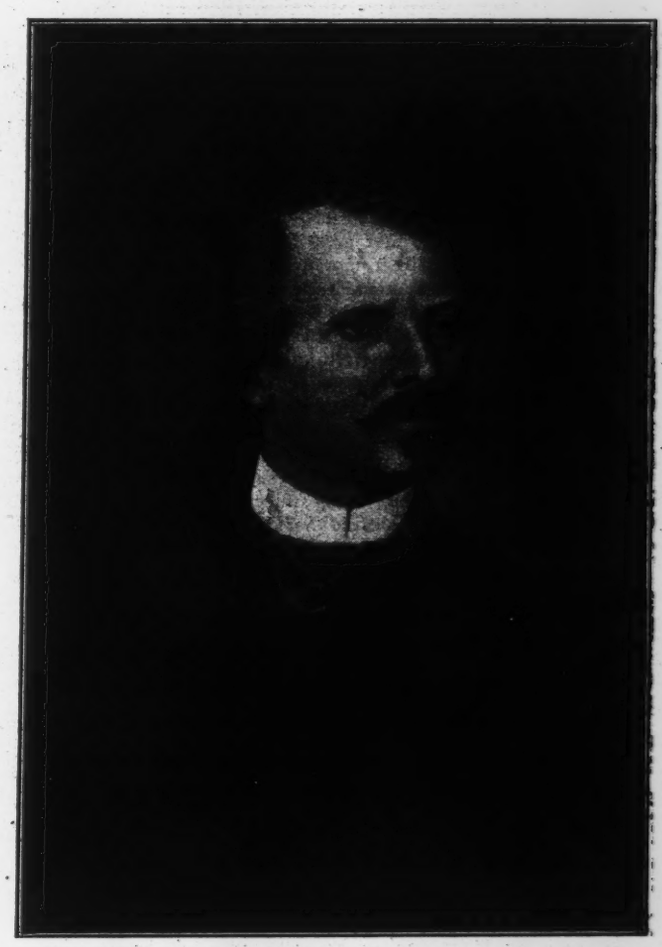
In point of style, Mr. Battersby's "In the Web of War" is as successful as it is ambitious. His work, polished and even "precious," is a startling contrast to the forceful crudities of the Australians. The *Morning Post* is certainly to be congratulated on its choice of correspondents. Mr. Battersby has already made some mark as a novelist, and he shows now that to a striking, if somewhat artificial, style he adds real power of observation. Going out rather late, he was present at the surrender at Paardeberg, and afterwards accompanied Lord Roberts' column to Pretoria. The ground thus covered is comparatively untrodden, nor are we likely to have a better description of the advance than this. Mr. Battersby gives an excellent idea of what a modern battle looks like, and of the thirst and nervous strain which the combatants have to endure. He is not free from the defects of his qualities. His "preciosity" is sometimes too marked, his style too obviously artificial. But after the conventionalities of the average writer this is a fault on the right side.

If we remain ignorant of modern warfare, at least it will not be from any lack of books in which to study it. Only, if the output of war books continues, the wearied reviewer will be one of the greatest upholders of a peace policy.

MAYNE REID.*

The mere words "Mayne Reid" will have for most of us a far-off elfin glory. They sound like the words "bow and arrow," "fireworks," and "The Black Brigand (Second Dress)." They belong to that wonderful time when tin soldiers and Noah's animals seemed big, as they really are; though now we think them small because they are distant. "Mayne Reid" was not a man exactly, but a place, an Atlantis of romance lying far to westward, with its fields all the colours of the sunset. America was still what it was to its discoverers; it awakened in the child every evening a curiosity as to where the sun went. Now we know that it goes (for reasons best known to itself) to a country of cars and elevators where they elect men by universal suffrage and kill them by electricity. But the sunset-colour still clings about America for us; no one can say how much good is done by juvenile romance; it enables us to front America with something of the mystic amazement of Walt Whitman, to see in its politics the repulsive energy of a Red Indian dance, in its huge flats and warehouses the temples of a Montezuma, in its whole history a primitive Red Indian legend, of the vanguard of the great westward march, the first of the white riders in the hunting of the sun.

The life of Captain Mayne Reid, as described in this volume by his widow, assisted by Mr. Charles Coe, is as picturesque as his books and considerably more varied. He was a schoolmaster, a soldier, a lecturer, an architect, a novelist, a poet, a brickmaker, and a politician. Mrs. Reid narrates carefully that he was once taken for a circus manager; the interest of the incident being, we imagine, that this was the only thing that he had never been. He had a passion for doing excessively difficult things, such as writing whole books in a month or two, charging the enemy up to the waist in a swamp, or in still wilder moments "defending the character of Edgar Allan Poe." He had many impossible theories, like most practical men. He had an interesting and original view about summer and winter clothes. He had a crusading intolerance of classical education, an attitude which is, if we remember rightly across an abyss of years, responsible for the only dull page in "The Cliff Climbers." He was a passionate republican and, we should imagine, an idealist of the most irrational and valuable type.



CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

From an Oil Painting. Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Greening and Co.

From his books, indeed, it would be possible to deduce that he had in a supreme degree "the heart of flame" which is the youth of the world. The peculiar fascination which these works, with many literary deficiencies, unquestionably exercise, is chiefly to be traced to their complete absence of effort, to their complete absence of the insolence of educationalism. Other writers have written down to boys, Mayne Reid might be said to have written up to them. The youthful spirit seemed to him not a pupil to be badgered, but a god to be invoked. The

* "Captain Mayne Reid: His Life and Adventures." By Mrs. Mayne Reid and Charles Coe. 3s. 6d. (Greening and Co.)

midsummer madness of emotion which marks his love-episodes is that which might be shown by a boy of sixteen. He was deeply interested in natural history and botany, but he was not possessed of that detestable mania for instruction which so often possesses the "writer for boys" who makes his characters point out the distinction between two kinds of cactus when the poisoned arrows of the savages are whistling around them. He was a good comrade, with some control over his information.

¶ Too much cannot be said in praise of the manner in which Mrs. Reid and her collaborator have written this book. By fearlessly and humorously touching on the minor weaknesses of a chivalrous character, such as his fantastic dandyism in dress, they have endeared him a thousand times more to all wise people, who know that there is more profit and nobility in the faults of a man than in the virtues of a tombstone.

NOVEL NOTES.

FOES IN LAW. By Rhoda Broughton. 6s. (Macmillan.)

One takes up a new novel by Miss Rhoda Broughton with a comfortable assurance that is never misplaced. She does not perplex us with insoluble problems, harrow us with unlikely horrors, or irritate us with over-nice affectations of style. She sets herself to fulfil the first great law of the novelist's being, and tell a story, and tells it, moreover, with a matured cunning that very few of her contemporaries can excel. The plot of "Foes in Law" may be a little worn, a little attenuated, but it is sufficient, and the magic of Miss Broughton's pen invests it with the freshness of novelty; it is only on reflection you begin to marvel that she could hold you so strongly with so slender a thread. Her men and women are very much alive, and delightfully human. Each member of the happy-go-lucky Kergouet family is distinctly and humorously individualised; an even cleverer delineation is the vain and ineffectual curate, Randal Chevening, who, being rejected by Lettice Trent because she intends to devote her life to looking after her bachelor brother Jim, preaches against her from his pulpit, and then, learning that whilst he was being rejected Jim was engaging himself to marry the vivacious, dreadfully unconventional Marie Kergouet, returns and captures the doubtful heart of the forlorn Lettice, only to lose it after all. The smug complacency and self-esteem of Randal are indicated with admirable subtlety. He is perhaps the most finished character in a book that is well worthy to stand with the best of its many predecessors.

THE STRENGTH OF STRAW. By Esme Stuart. 6s. (Long.)

On this very pleasant and amusing book of tales the writer and her readers are to be warmly congratulated. It shows such a distinct advance in brightness and neatness of style and in the clever presentation of a situation as we do not often find in story-tellers who have already well established their reputation. Any of the tales will entertain, but perhaps the best is "A Bachelor's Love"—a curious instance, by the way, of how similar ideas run in separate writers' heads almost simultaneously. It is interesting to compare the story with Lucas Malet's "Gateless Barrier."

A YEAR OF LIFE. By W. S. Lilly. 6s. (Lane.)

Here is that somewhat melancholy thing, the novel of a man of ideas who is an amateur in story-telling. Nothing could be more flat and conventional and unworkmanlike than the story part of it. But one feels that behind what is presented to us there is something stronger and more interesting. If only the writer had taken less pains with the story, had let his thought loose on us at even great length, the result would have been a better book, and probably not a worse novel. But Mr. Lilly's political and religious ideas should not be subjected to the cramping process of fiction.

SONS OF THE COVENANT. By Samuel Gordon. 6s. (Sands.)

This tale of "Anglo-Jewry" leaves a pleasant taste behind it. It is written by one who evidently knows well the life of Jews in the West and the East end of London, who regards them with affectionate respect, and has a strong belief in their sterling good qualities. The tale of the two lads, who severally, in business and in scholarship, make the very most of their chances—by virtue of "the racial calibre which was the inevitable outcome of a century-long combat, wherein it was all thrust on the one side, and nothing but parry on the other"—and who, having succeeded in winning their places in the world, give their best strength to the elevation of the more unfortunate of their race, is very optimistic, but not too rose-coloured. It faces facts, even the faults of the Jew. Nowadays no book that helps to bring the hearts of good Jews and good Christians together is superfluous; and for this simple, pleasant, wholesome book, we hope Mr. Gordon will get the gratitude he deserves.

PRIDE OF ENGLAND. The Story of a Misalliance. By Marcus Reid. 6s. (Constable.)

There is much that is attractive in this romance of the beautiful English girl whose rank in life seemed to destine her to tame middle-class comfort, and who became the Countess of Lowenfels, the wife of the Hereditary Prince of Althaus-Sorgen. On a basis of fact Mr. Reid has reared a structure somewhat fantastic, here and there grotesque, but which probably is near enough to the truth of things. His amusing account of court life at Althausen and his hardly less amusing description of the heroine's life with her eccentric father in England, by no means prepare us for the sudden death of Phyllis. The farce turns into a tragedy with too little warning. But whatever its faults, the story is not dull.

PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER, and other Stories. By W. W. Astor. 6s. (Macmillan.)

There is a deal of ingenious fancy in this book of stories. None of them deal with common life, few with modern life, and in each of them is a mystery. The only one we wish away is the last, "Madame Récamier's Secret," which is not presented as fiction but as a very unpleasant bit of history. One of the most ambitious, "Forza del Destino," is also one of the least good. The story of "The Merchant of Venice" seems to fire the imagination of fiction writers with a desire to supplement it; but Mr. Astor's attempt is not as good as "George Fleming's" "Prince of Morocco." All the rest are of stronger fibre and livelier spirit. The best, perhaps, is "Monsieur de Néron," a very fair specimen of a kind of tale Mr. Kipling brought into fashion with his "Finest Story in the World," and which "Q" has tried his hand on very successfully in "Joseph Laquedem."

THE INIMITABLE MRS. MASSINGHAM. By Herbert Compton. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

The only fault of this good story lies in its title, which suggests a comedy of to-day rather than a romance of near a hundred years ago. Mr. Compton follows an excellent old method in his tale. He has numerous adventures to relate, and numerous personages to introduce to us But he insists on abundant leisure and space for his narrative, and lets none of his characters jostle one another. And herein he sets a good example to many other writers of romantic adventure to-day, whose work is often an indigestible jumble. Pictures of old London life at the end of last century, are followed duly by the story of a very complicated flight from the law, by imprisonment and transportation to Botany Bay, and by such loyal service as wins freedom, honour, and fortune. And amid all the danger and the suffering hovers the gracious figure or memory of Gretna. It is a very long story, but by its vigour, reality and brightness it amply justifies its length.

THE OUTCAST EMPEROR. By The Lady Helen Craven. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The outcast Emperor of Cathay, who and whose parlous condition when he is first introduced have evidently their prototypes at present in China, escapes from his aunt, the Empress, with a faithful mandarin, and is picked up at sea in an open boat by a wealthy English yachtsman. The chase after him waxes hot and desperate; he is pursued by secret agents into England, numerous attempts are made to kidnap or assassinate him, but his guardian, Louis Randolph, brings him safely through all his perils to a final restoration to his throne. If the idea had been taken in all seriousness it might have made a capital sensational story; had it been treated as sheer extravaganza it might have been equally successful; but Lady Craven adopts a middle course and makes neither one thing nor the other of it. The love interest is very slight, the story is much too long and padded with needless conversations, but it is written with too much brightness and vivacity ever to be tedious.

FREE TO SERVE: A tale of Colonial New York. By E. Rayner. 6s. (Putnam.)

This is a stirring romance of the early years of the eighteenth century. It opens with a brawl in London streets at midnight, when Fulke Nevard, one of a band of riotous young bloods engaged in an attack on an aged watchman, turns impetuously on his companions in defence of the old man's daughter. His chivalry involves him in a duel with his friend Wyville, who had aforetime been liberal to him in the matter of loans, and Wyville being wounded seeks to avenge himself by casting the other into a debtors' prison. Evading arrest, Fulke induces his only sister, Aveline, to sell her own small property and supply him with the means to join a trader in New York who is willing to take him into partnership. Aveline is to accompany him, but before they sail he falls into the hands of the bailiff and, having to clear his debts, is left almost penniless. Whereupon he makes a secret, but at that time not unusual, agreement that either he will find the passage money immediately on landing in America or the ship's captain shall sell his sister as a bond-slave and so pay himself. He relies on his partner meeting him at New York and advancing the money; this hope failing, and his frantic search for his partner being at first fruitless, the captain enforces his bond and Aveline is sold as a five-year slave to some wealthy Dutch colonists. Her beauty and winsomeness (and she is one of the most winsome of heroines) gain the hearts of her master and mistress, and of their two sons also; and the result of this latter circumstance is a vivid and eventful story of love and hatred, and discord, and final happiness that keeps fast hold of the reader's attention until the last page is turned.

RUE WITH A DIFFERENCE. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)

In one sense Miss Nouchette Carey may be said to suffer from her own excellence. Her books are so uniformly straight, and true, and tranquil, and charming, that we have learned to depend on her, and know that she will give us no surprises. One is tempted to compare the mental fare of her providing with dinner in a well-ordered household; it is pleasant, wholesome, restful; but it will never stir one to that excitement which would be inseparable from dinner in a Dora Copperfieldian establishment. Miss Carey must take comfort from the certainty that the well-ordered household is the one in which the majority of us would choose to live; the other establishment is more suitable for smiling at from the outside. In the present volume the author manages the love stories of two women, stepmother and step-daughter, with skill and ease; the cathedral town in which these stories take place is lightly but effectively sketched; the oppression of the little child, Phillippa, by her French grandmother wins genuine sympathy; and the *finale* is all that could be wished. Now and again we find Pansy Thurston's "electric" conversation rather forced, as on p. 173; and we cannot admire the use of the word "hulk" in the following sentence: "She will still weep like Niobe over the battered hulk of her beloved"; her "beloved" being, in this case, a doll. But the story is too fresh and charming to give us any real cause for fault-finding; and the decided cleverness displayed in the vivid characterisation of Canon Thurston, a man who is dead before the story begins, commands our admiration; it is a piece of distinctly good work.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE OLD TESTAMENT IN GREEK. By Henry Barclay Swete, D.D. With an Appendix containing the letter of Aristeas. Edited by H. St. J. Thackeray, M.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

The need of a thoroughly critical and full introduction to the Septuagint and the other Greek versions of the Old Testament has long been felt. Information has had to be sought for in books dealing with part of the subject, in articles in Bible Dictionaries, and in papers contributed to periodicals often difficult of access. It is an unspeakable satisfaction to have all this material collected and sifted, and brought under the eye in one volume. That Dr. Swete should have put this crown upon his extremely valuable labours on the Septuagint, is not merely a further illustration of his fine critical scholarship, but will elicit the gratitude of every student of Scripture. The book is most comprehensive. It gives a history of the various Greek versions of the Old Testament and of their various recensions, manuscripts, and printed texts; it then analyses the contents of the Septuagint, and exhibits the differences of order and matter existing between the original and the translation, while an excellent survey of the syntactical and lexical peculiarities of the Greek is presented. The third part of the volume contains an account of the use made of the Septuagint by non-Christian Hellenists, by the writers of the New Testament, and by the Christian Fathers. Other cognate matters of interest are introduced, and all are treated with the mastery which nothing gives but natural aptitude, sound training, and long familiarity with the subject. It requires no unusual foresight to perceive that Dr. Swete's introduction is destined to hold its place as the supreme authority in this department of scholarship.

THE SOUL OF A CHRISTIAN. A Study in the Religious Experience. By Frank Granger, D.Lit., Professor in University College, Nottingham. 6s. (Methuen and Co.)

Professor Granger, who has contributed to the series of University Extension Manuals a text-book of Psychology, seeks in the present volume to apply his favourite science to the Christian life, and to describe the soul in the various phases of Christian experience in the terms and with the methods of psychology. His material he finds in those journals, autobiographies, and letters which have been written by great saints such as St. Paul, St. Augustine, St. Bernard, St. Teresa, Bunyan, Baxter, Wesley, and in which an original and living experience has found expression. To trace the soul's history in such company is necessarily a profoundly interesting and stimulating exercise. Professor Granger's insight and knowledge enable him not only to disclose the source and essence of the various manifestations of spiritual life, but also to criticise ordinary experiences and distinguish the normal from the abnormal, the healthy from the morbid. Light is thus shed upon the soul's awakening, upon instantaneous conversion, on ecstasy and visions, on despondency and temptations, possession and inspiration, symbol and ritual, confession and casuistry. In short, we have here a hand-book for the pastoral office, a manual for the spiritual director, indicating the shoals and cross currents and various hazards of the soul's navigation, and abounding in wise encouragements and cautions. The lay reader may spend delightful hours over its pages, and will acknowledge that, seen through the eye of the psychologist, the spiritual life takes on a fresh charm.

BIBLE CHARACTERS. Joseph and Mary to James, the Lord's Brother. By Alexander Whyte, D.D. 3s. 6d. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.)

This is the Fourth Series of "Bible Characters" which has been issued by Dr. Whyte, and it presents the same attractive features as the preceding three. The distinctive note is intensity; intensity of conviction, of feeling, and of utterance. The characters treated, and the circumstances in which they are displayed, are firmly conceived and depicted in the true colours of human life. Much imagination and knowledge of men and their ways, and considerable artistic power, have gone to the making of these sketches, but they are in no case written for effect or as pulpit task work. Earnest purpose, intense ethical and spiritual passion breaks through at every point and vivifies the whole. They ought to be very widely read, and wherever read they will make the Bible more real and more profitable.

THE RELIGIOUS SPIRIT IN THE POETS. By the Rt. Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon. 5s. (Isbister and Co. Ltd.)

The title of the Bishop of Ripon's new publication, and the circumstance that it was written, or, at any rate, composed during railway journeys, will inevitably beget the suspicion that it must be of poor quality, fit only for drawing-room consumption. Nothing could be further from the truth. The lightness is only in the style; the substance is solid and valuable. Indeed, there is not much literature at present being published which would not suffer by comparison with Dr. Carpenter's interpretation of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." This kind of work is much needed. For virtually we have here an introduction to the greatest of our poets, Spenser, Milton, Shakespeare, Coleridge, Tennyson, Browning. Nor are the preliminary chapters to be overlooked, for they deal in a satisfactory and suggestive manner with the vexed question of the relation of religion and poetry. Much is to be learned from the Bishop's volume, and much pleasure to be derived from it.

GEORGE H. C. MACGREGOR, M.A.: A Biography. By the Rev. Duncan Campbell Macgregor, M.A., Wimbledon 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Whether Mr. George Macgregor filled so large a place in the public eye as to make it needful to embalm his memory in a biography will be questioned. But men who are not deemed

worthy of Westminster Abbey or even of a niche in the National Dictionary of Biography may still have made so many friends that some memorial is demanded. Besides, Mr. Macgregor's too brief career may well serve as an incentive to preachers in all the Churches. Born of a Highland and preaching stock, he had all the Celtic fire and tenderness, with much of the Anglo-Saxon power of dogged toil, and though his career as a preacher was a short one, he managed to compress into it an amazing amount of effective energy. The picture given of him in this biography is an attractive one, and the figure, so cleverly limned by his sympathetic biographer, is not too high above the reach of the ordinary candidate for the ministry as to make it useless as an example.

FRANCIS HUTCHESON: HIS LIFE, TEACHING, AND POSITION IN THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY. By William Robert Scott, M.A., D. Phil., etc. 8s. (Cambridge University Press.)

It is a pleasant coincidence that within the last few weeks there should have appeared new editions and studies of three philosophers so closely related as Shaftesbury, Butler, and Hutcheson. Dr. Scott furnishes us in the present volume with the fullest account yet given of the Scoto-Irish philosopher, who may have met Berkeley, who corresponded with Clarke, who introduced Adam Smith to Hume, who felt the influence of the English "enlightenment" through Butler, and himself influenced the enlightenment in Germany. His position in the history of philosophy is carefully analysed, and his relation to Aristotle, to the Stoics, to Shaftesbury and Butler, and to the Scottish school, is ascertained. The volume is good reading and a solid contribution to the history of philosophy. It leaves on the mind the impression that Hutcheson occupied a more central position than he generally is credited with, and that if the eighteenth century is to be understood his work must be considered. Does Dr. Scott not somewhat underrate his power as a writer while duly recognising his personal influence and eloquence?

THE PROFESSOR, and Other Poems. By A. C. Benson. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

Very quiet, very soft-spoken is "The Professor," but it has its charm, and lovers of poetry will linger, sympathetic, while they read, and only wish it had not been given as neighbours the rather dreary "Thomas Grey" and "Monnow." "The Professor" is a series of lyrics, wherein are presented the mind and heart of one whom we are asked to picture as lank and lean from over-study in a library, but who has longings after beauty and romance and love, and who nearly reaches them. With little obvious effort Mr. Benson has expressed a temperament, and conquered his readers with a gentle sadness. But, lyrically, we do not think "The Professor" is as good as his former work. Or, perhaps, we are hardly in the mood for the more characteristic verse of this volume, since we brighten up wonderfully at "The Song," with its more vivacious, more exceptional note,

> "Thrill, string: echo and play for me
> All that the poet, the priest cannot say for me."

DANIEL O'CONNELL. By Robert Dunlop. Heroes of the Nations. 5s. (Putnam's.)

This book was wanted. None so clear, businesslike, and temperate, has before been written concerning the Repeal Movement. Very cool in temper, it is little likely to provoke attack, while from nearly every point of view it does O'Connell justice. Its keynote is respect for the character of the man whose history and motives Mr. Dunlop has probed keenly. It hides no faults, but it abundantly shows that among these lurked no mean self-interest, no hypocrisy. His agility of mind, his fine common sense, his profound religious feeling, his love of nature, his quick sensitiveness to the needs of his country and his day—none of these are overlooked. Something is lacking, however. We miss the picturesqueness. We miss the thunder of the great leader. True, a good description is given of the great meeting at Tara, but for the most part we have too much plain detailed narrative, and too little O'Connell. But the fault is on the right side. Mr. Dunlop has avoided all bunkum, the peril of the emotional historian.

THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT. A Modern Play in Four Acts. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. 2s. (Black.)

It is difficult to say whether Mrs. Clifford's play loses or gains more by being issued in book form. It is not published because of any literary pretensions, for it has none. It is a "modern" play unmistakably, in the sense that it ignores the claim of beauty of style or of wit. The weary lack of these would on the stage, of course, be made up for partly by the vivacity of the actors, who have mostly well-conceived parts given them. On the other hand, what we think as the weakness of the drama would probably be still more prominent on the stage. It is quite inconceivable that during the visit of Bernard Archerson's wife to her rival, the rival does not recognise her; Mildred is the neglected wife quite obviously. An actress would be defying the text if she gave a different impression. And much of the rest of the plot depending on this weak portion, the reality gives way in the end. But Mrs. Clifford has done well to print it, if only to show the different phases it has run through, from the short story, "The End of the Journey," to the dramatic version in the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, and the play, as we have it here, produced some months ago in Liverpool.

THE BYSTANDER. By J. Ashby-Sterry. 6s. (Sands.)

On such great questions as getting up in the morning, and the free spectacles of London, and on catching cold, and private views, Mr. Ashley-Sterry writes becomingly, that is, with lightness and invariable good humour. He will amuse you for an hour with his wholesome triviality. But the semi-serious article on "The Bayard Society" hits the wrong note. It is a suggestion to adapt the Florentine "Misericordia" to the needs of London. He does not propose the Society should only nurse the sick or bury the dead. He would have it rescue old ladies in crowds, and pick up inebriate old gentlemen by night in the Strand as well. But how is the "total oblivion of self" to come about if the substitute for the dark anonymity of the Misericordia cowl be a mere badge?

A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF IRISH HISTORY. By T. Dunbar Ingram, LL.D. 2 vols. 24s. (Longmans.)

If length and emphasis of argument gave weight to a book, Dr. Ingram's would appear as weighty to the mind as it does now in the hand. But though the book of a student and of an earnest man, it is not possible to take it seriously. For one reader whom it will send back to the examination of old records, there are fifty it will irritate and weary. On every page it bristles with controversy, and though, of course, there is much controversial matter in Irish history, it need not at this hour be handled with temper and in utter scorn of opponents. Phrases like "miserable nonsense" only serve to incite similar retorts. Dr. Ingram's thesis is that the penal laws were absolutely necessary, and that the union was a great benefit brought about in the best possible way. And a very good book might be written on that thesis. But this one protests too much, too loudly, too angrily. Its writer has read many documents, but has a curious want of that sympathetic imagination without which history need never be written at all. Irish discontent he regards all through as merely something to be punished, and when that doesn't answer he only says, Persist in the punishment. It needs a little more philosophy to bring about what he aims at, "a remplacement of the false by the true." But how ungrateful is our criticism of a book that starts with asserting that if Englishmen had only a better opinion of themselves, the world would get on much better. It is their tender conscience and their philanthropy that are at the bottom of Irish troubles!

THE MEN OF THE MERCHANT SERVICE. By Frank T. Bullen, F.R.G.S. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)

Mr. Bullen refers to one of his chapters as an "impressionist sketch." To do him justice, he is using the loose jargon of the day; he is not describing his own work at all, which is anything but impressionistic, as we understand the word. In a severely conscientious spirit he has set out to give definite information about the duties of the master, the mate, bos'un, apprentice, engineer, cook, stoker, etc., etc., etc., of a ship in the merchant service; of how, on the average, they fulfil their duties, and the kind of men they generally are. He speaks from experience, fully, yet moderately, soberly, as if his readers' future welfare depended on his accuracy, plodding on through his task with that thoroughness and gravity which are characteristic of him. The result is a really important book. Mr. Bullen is sometimes eloquent, never humorous. Those who expect rollicking, jovial sea-yarns must learn that sailors can be very serious persons. His sober book will induce no reckless schoolboy to run away to sea. But it may persuade some thoughtful lads to take the chances of a healthy, useful, and honourable career.

MORE ILLUSTRATED CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

ARMSTRONG, JESSIE.—My Friend Anne. Illustrated by G. Demain Hammond, R.I., 3/6 .....Warne

[*A very charming story of Henry the Eighth's time. There is more of domesticity than history in it, however, and girls will delight in its appealing style. Words of praise must be given to the illustrations, and also to the cover, which is exceptionally beautiful.*]

AVERY HAROLD.—A Toast Fag, and Other Stories. 1/6.....Nelson

[*More things than toast are made in this volume, muddles and mistakes, fun and friendships, and good, straight-ahead tales of school-boy life.*]

BANKS, CHARLES EUGENE.—A Child of the Sun. Illustrations by Louis Betts, 6/- .....Pearson

[*An uncommonly handsome book. Waupello, the Child of the Sun, is a beautiful Redskin, a boy chief of his tribe. Morning Star is a little white girl who comes mysteriously down-stream in a canoe. The tale is picturesque, and the illustrations, which are coloured, are striking and vigorous.*]

Barbara's Song Book. By Cécile Hartog. Pictured by John Hassell. Words by Ellis Walton, 5/-.....Allen

[*We think this a beautiful book, with sweet music, pretty words, gorgeous pictures; and on the title-page is Barbara, who evidently thinks as we do. This is consensus of opinion, and should be respected.*]

Beauty and the Beast Picture Book. Illustrated by Walter Crane, 4/6 Lane

[*Here we have the good, old-fashioned, large picture-book again—a gorgeous volume. And, if we like it, we are promised more. There will be more, undoubtedly, if Mr. Crane abides by the verdict of the multitude.*]

Britons and Boers. Verses by Herbert Ives. Pictures by Scotson-Clark, 1/6 .....Lane

[*An extremely patriotic gift-book. "Majuba" rhymes with "Kruger," and "Mafeking"—naturally enough now—with "uncrowned-king"; and the heroes are praised, and the Boer is not utterly pulverised, it being Christmas.*]

BROWNE, G. WALDO.—The Young Guubearer, illustrated by Louis Meynell .....Jarrold

[*This is the second of "The Woodranger Tales," but it is an enthralling story, complete in itself, of the simple, peaceful folk who lived in Acadia before the terrible banishment of which Longfellow wrote in "Evangeline." Storm-clouds were, however, already darkening the idyllic happiness of the settlement, and the siege of Louisburg, and many a fight and danger, provide incidents for this book.*]

CHANDLER, ARTHUR.—Tom Andrews, 5/- .....Elliot Stock

[*A tale of actual Board School life—the work, the play, the good, the evil. Three boys of varied tastes are followed from early days to the time when their several careers, of necessity, part them. Just the book for an Elementary School prize.*]

CHAPPELL, JENNIE.—A Little Ray of Sunshine, 1/- .....Nelson

[*There are a great many delights in this pretty book, for "Mouse" Penrose begins it with a birthday and many presents, including a new brother. There are many trials, too, for the new brother is blind, a big brother is falsely accused, scarlet fever rages, and so forth. But there is sunshine filtering through all the story, and excellent examples are shown.*]

Chatterbox Christmas Box, 1901. Illustrated by A. Nobody, 1/- net Wells Gardner

[*Lively tales, and and even livelier illustrations, with some verses here and there to provide for catholicity of taste. A generous shillings-worth, in spite of its being "net."*]

CONDER, MRS. E. R.—In the Beginning .....Elliot Stock

[*Simple stories from Genesis, so arranged that children may read them for themselves, or over-tired elders may repeat them without effort. Half-a-dozen illustrations make the volume even more enticing.*]

COOPER, FENIMORE.—The Pathfinder. Illustrated by Charles E. Brock, 2/6.....Macmillan

[*It is hard to beat Fenimore Cooper at his best; and surely he is at his best in this tale of the Inland Sea. Mr. Brock's illustrations deserve a long list of adjectives, for his versatility is noticeable, and each picture seems to demand freshly-worded praise. This is a decidedly alluring edition of an old favourite.*]

CRANE, STEPHEN.—Whilomville Stories. Illustrated by Peter Newell, 5/- .....Harper

[*These are stories, not so much for children, as of children. Children like a touch of the ideal; when their elders wish to be amused they like the real. This is the real; the real child, unprepared and unpolished. The sketches are spirited revelations of the ordinary things, and the utmost children can accomplish in the way of occupying the attention of friends and relations. Both author and artist have fixed the child, living, on the page.*]

CULE, W. E.—Barfield's Blazer, and Other School Stories, illustrated, 2/6 .....Melrose

[*Barfield's cousin sent him a blazer (by request), and Barfield's school grew dizzy and saw stars and comets, until steps were taken; the outcome of which was a scarecrow in a field of peas and dejection in the heart of Barfield. There are many amusing tales in the volume, and some capital illustrations.*]

DEARMER, MABEL.—A Noah's Ark Geography, 6/- .....Macmillan

[*Miss Brown grew angry with Kit because he could not learn geography, and she shut him in the schoolroom and herself out of it. Then the adventures began, with Kit, Jum-Jum, and the Cockyolly Bird as travellers. This book is full of them. And Kit became happy, and, incidentally, wise; and Miss Brown smiled again in the last picture. A brilliant and most entertaining gift-book.*]

DOUGHTY, HENRY MONTAGU.—Friesland Meres, and Through the Netherlands, illustrated .....Jarrold

[*A new and revised edition of this picturesque record of the voyage of a family in a Norfolk wherry, through a maze of water-ways, and among an interesting people. The book is in every sense refreshing, and the numerous illustrations bring the charm of the Netherlands very faithfully before us.*]

ESCOTT-INMAN.—Gobbo Bobo. Illustrated by E. A. Mason, 6/- Warne

[*This is the tale of a two-eyed Griffin, who may be seen any day just outside the palace of the wise owls, keeping guard over London town. But there is little satisfaction to be got out of looking at him, for he is quite stolid until the clock strikes thirteen, and then most of us are in bed. So all his extraordinary adventures and stories must be learned from this book; and, indeed, it seems the safer plan, for he seems to be a reckless fellow.*]

EVERETT-GREEN, EVELYN.—A Gordon Highlander, 2/6 .....Nelson

[*Gordon Carnegie was a soldier's motherless boy, who lived in barracks till the time when Captain Carnegie was ordered to the front. Then Gordon went into the country with his uncle and aunt and played at*

"He felt the bow of the canoe tip."
From "The Pathfinder." 2s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

war, while his father was seeing the reality. The end of this lively tale is all that could be wished, for Gordon's father returns with honour and glory, and presents his little son with many things, among which may be mentioned a silver watch and a new mother, appropriately named Courage.]

EVERETT-GREEN, EVELYN.—The Fiery Chariot, illustrated, 2/6 Hutchinson

[*Undoubtedly a severe bicycle tour is the very best thing for a man whose heart has been damaged by a woman with no heart. Rex Pendrill tried the prescription with complete success. He came in for some burns and a shot in the arm, but those were trifles compared with all the consolation the author metes out to him in this thoroughly interesting story.*]

EVERETT-GREEN, EVELYN.—The Silver Axe. Illustrated by Ida Lovering, 5/- .....Hutchinson

[*The badge of the House of Herondale was a silver axe, honourably gained, but once dishonourably used. After that time, whoever went into a certain room in the Black Tower, where the ill-doer had shut himself up and worked spells, was a brave man; but if he saw "It"—some sight indescribable—he was a doomed man, he perished by the axe. King Charles the First, in this tale, goes incognito, with his friend, to Herondale, and enters the Black Room. The tale makes a real "Christmas Book."*]

EVERETT-GREEN, EVELYN.—The Wooing of Val, illustrated, 3/6 Hutchinson

[*Val's wooing was short; it took just a week, and each day is chronicled here. All who are old-fashioned enough to think this a rather precipitate matter will, after reading the story, admit that being imprisoned in a hollow tree, and almost drowned in a rushing fall of*

water, are incidents which give a new value to time and break down convention. A thoroughly pleasant story.]

Fifty-two Stirring Stories for Boys, illustrated. Edited by Alfred H. Miles, 5/-.....Hutchinson

[*There is no doubt about the "stir" in these stories. Such writers as G. A. Henty, Manville Fenn, David Ker, and others evidently made up their mind about that. They have provided one exciting, inspiring story for every week in the coming year; and if every boy who is lucky enough to get this volume does not read the whole fifty-two in one week we shall have a poor opinion of him.*]

"Allen followed them up, bent apparently on murder."
From "Barfield's Blazer." 2s. 6d. (Melrose.)

Fifty-two Stories for Girls, illustrated. Edited by Alfred H. Miles, 5/- Hutchinson

[*Christmas is a stirring time, both for puddings and persons. We agree with the editor of this "Fifty-two" series, and welcome the handsome great volume which he sends out this year, from the pens of L. T. Meade, Sarah Doudney, Robert Overton, and other writers, to stir scores of girls to interest and enjoyment.*]

Fifty-two Stories of the British Empire, illustrated. Edited by Alfred H. Miles, 5/- .....Hutchinson

[*These stories will teach a boy history, and he will realise only the fact that he wants to know more of it. Old favourites and new friends have contributed to the volume, which will make an admirable gift or prize.*]

FINNEMORE, JOHN.—Two Boys in War Time, 5/- .....Pearson

[*We have already learned to know that, given a stirring period and a certain opportunity for incident, Mr. Finnemore can make as good a story as any man, better than most, in fact. The present volume is good proof of this, and we breathe as quickly now over the taking of Pretoria as if time had rolled back again to last spring.*]

Fireside Annual, 1900, The.—Conducted by the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D., 7/6 ....."Home Words" Publishing Office

[*An excellent family volume. Everyone will find something to his or her taste in it—wit, wisdom, fiction, information, and a wealth of illustrations.*]

FOUQUE, LA MOTTE.—Sintram and His Companions. Translated by A. M. Richards, illustrated by Ann Richards, 3/6 net Freemantle

[*A really sumptuous little volume, in decorated, flexible, morocco binding. The work of translation seems to have been carried out with sympathy and intelligence, and the numerous illustrations add greatly to the value of the book.*]

FOUQUE, LA MOTTE.—Sintram, Aslauga's Knight. Illustrated by Charles Robinson, 1/6 net.....Dent

The "Young People" have a good time before them now that "Temple Classics" are being chosen with a view to their needs, in addition to the needs of their elders. The present volume is in every way excellent, and should renew "Sintram's" popularity.]

FRENCH, JOSEPH LEWIS.—Christ in Sacred Art, illustrated....Jarrold

[*Traces the influence of religion in Art, with its varying force and its differing phases:—Christ as Child, Teacher, Healer, Martyr, Christ dead and arisen. Between thirty and forty fine illustrations from the old masters and from modern painters of religious subjects are given. A unique gift-book.*]

Friendly Leaves, 1900, illustrated. Edited by Christabel Coleridge, 2/- Wells Gardner

[*Contributions from such valued pens as those of Miss C. M. Yonge, A. C. Shipton, D. Hammonde, Canon Keymer, the Editor, and many others, vouch for the attractiveness of this friendly "Annual."*]

FULLER, HULBART.—Vivian of Virginia. Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill .....Jarrold

[*A true romance of the first rebellion in Virginia. Colonel Churchill (afterwards Duke of Marlborough) fights, and frowns, and performs brave deeds in this tale, and King Charles II. smiles and enjoys himself, and makes lovers happy. There are numerous illustrations, too, lively and picturesque.*]

Great Thoughts Annual, 1900, 4/6 .....Smith's Publishing Co.

"*One impulse from a vernal wood*
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

[*Wordsworth wrote that, and "Great Thoughts" includes it; yet "Great Thoughts" gives us also "all the sages can." This argues perhaps contradictoriness, perhaps broadmindedness; but, in any case, a volume of many attractions.*]

GRUNDTVIG, SVEND.—Fairy Tales From Afar. Translated by Jane Mulley. Illus. by Sidney F. Aldridge. 3/6 Hutchinson

[*A collection of Fairy-tales, which bids fair to rival even Grimm. Fundamentally these are Danish folk-tales, gathered from oral tradition. As they appear now they are fascinating fairy-romances, set off by very pretty pictures.*]

Hand and Heart, 1900. Edited by H. Somerset Bullock, M.A., 2/- *Home Words* Publishing Office

[*The yearly volume of this popular family, social, and temperance magazine.*]

HART, Mrs.—Clare Linton's Friend, 1/6 Cassell

[*On a cold, wintry night Clare Linton found a poor little waif on the doorstep; that was Polly, who became her friend. Polly had a hard life, and ordinary people were sceptical about her; but Clare was faithful, and Polly proved to be good as gold.*]

HAY, HELEN.—The Little Boy Book. Illustrated by Frank Ver Beck, 6/-..Lane

[*The "Little Boy" was not always good, but his pictures are, and so are his verses—great, full-page, coloured beauties, and words that anyone may learn easily. And the effect they should have on other Little Boys is entirely good.*]

HOPKINS, ARTHUR, R. W. S.—Sketches and Skits, 5/-.....Elkin Mathews

[*A portfolio-shaped volume in which Mr. Hopkins, whose work is well known in "Punch" and "Graphic" pages, gives full-page illustrations of amusing incidents. The drawing is firm and spirited.*]

HOPWOOD, AUBREY.—The Bunkum Book. Illustrated by Maud Trelawney, 6/- .....Warne

[*An account of the travels of the inhabitants of Topsy Turvy Land—where "the skies are green instead of blue; and happy people frown"—who, realising that their country was upside down, fared forth to find an antidote. The tale is really sensational, the illustrations may be termed the same if no one objects to repetition. There are both sensations and repetitions in Topsy Turvy Land.*]

"My rapier flashed and thrust home."
From "Vivian of Virginia." (Jarrold.)

JACBERNS, RAYMOND.—Some Ups and Downs. Illustrated by W. H. C. Groome, 1/6.....Wells Gardner

[*A pony in the schoolroom, mumps in the family, children in prison, and jealousy in the heart; these are a few of the ups and downs in this book. But there are plenty of others, and after experiments and*

vicissitudes we leave the young people calmed and happy, and, in all probability, ready as their readers are for more.]

KNIGHT, ALICE.—"Craddles," illustrated, 1/-.....Nelson
[*Measles broke out in the school where Wynne, Todd, and, Barker went, but they escaped infection and went by the sea instead. Here they met "Craddles," our hero; but all four boys were heroes before the story ends; they did great deeds and settled many matters. An exciting tale in a small compass.*]

LEAR, EDWARD.—Nonsense Sorgs. Illustrated by L. Leslie Brooke, 6/- .....Warne
[*Nonsense brought to a fine art. Madness made melodious.*]

LESLIE, EMMA.—At the "Sign of the Golden Fleece," 2/6 Gall and Inglis
[*A fight at the Oxford Autumn Fair in the fifteenth century makes an excellent beginning to this story of the days of the Reformation.*

"Rowley would get on him bareback . . . and sweep together every horse in the . . . Red Paddock."

From "The White Stone." (Wells Gardner.)

The students had already divided themselves in'o two parties—"Greek" and "Trojan," according as they approved of Erasmus and the new teaching, or not. And party-feeling, and the ways of priests and Protestants, are written of effectively and with understanding.]

MACGREGOR, ELSIE.—The Overtons. Illustrated by Rosa C. Petherick, 1/-.....Nelson
[*A cheerful little story for children, all about the six Overtons—five girls and a boy—and how they managed to amuse themselves in the attics with great success and little expenditure. The illustrations are a great feature of this pretty blue book.*]

MACGREGOR, JESSIE.—Christmas Eve at Romney Hall, illustrated, 2/6 .....Elkin Mathews
[*The "rose-coloured realities of childhood" are sung of in this tasteful book with grace and tenderness. The pictures hanging in Romney Hall are very real to Child Christopher, but not more real than Miss Macgregor's clever drawings are to us; they are the most delicate, finely executed, and beautifully produced work we have seen for some time.*]

MACILWAINE, HERBERT C.—The White Stone. Illustrated by G. D. Rowlandson, 6/-.....Wells Gardner
[*An exciting tale of a boy from the Bush, who in childhood picks up a white quartz pebble—a chip of Mount Mystery—and in boyhood rides as reckless and thrilling a race as any one would care to read, to lay claim to considerably more than a pebble of that mountain. The illustrations are racy and characteristic.*]

MARCHANT, BESSIE.—In the Toils of the Tribesmen, 2/6 Gall and Inglis
[*A thrilling tale of the Indian Frontier, of the deeds and expeditions of the natives, and the deeds and endurance of the English. Coralie Blake, the missionary's daughter, helps to make history and influence a throne; she also concludes by making at least one man happy. The volume is appropriately illustrated.*]

MARTIN, MRS. HERBERT.—Elsa's Little Boys, illustrated. 2/- ..Warne
[*Elsa has a good heart and three little step-brothers, who bring about many cares and responsibilities, but a good deal of fun too; and, finally, a proposal of marriage for Elsa; for, being practical, they have no opinion of suspense in such matters. The result is perfectly satisfactory.*]

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JANUARY, 1901.

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NOVEMBER 15TH TO DECEMBER 15TH, 1900.

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ABBOTT, EDWIN A.—Clue, A Guide through Greek to Hebrew Scripture, 7/6 net .....A. and C. Black

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SINCLAIR, WILLIAM, Archdeacon of London.—Words from St. Paul's, 3/6..... .....Burleigh

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[*It was Mr. Spurgeon's wish for many years to publish a volume of addresses selected from those delivered by him at the annual conferences of the Pastors' College. This collection admirably carries out that intention; some of his most fervent and memorable utterances are included.*]

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[*A man should be "summer'd and winter'd" before a woman marries him, was the opinion Miss Kezia Kersey adhered to. In this story there is rather a lack of such caution in courtship; but in the last chapter Miss Kezia herself, having had the courage of her convictions up to a certain point, leaves us hoping that she will complete the matter—a hope which gives a charming finish to a charming book.*]

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[*A realistic story of the sea, telling how the "Magic" sailed out from the Thames, bound for Sydney, with a foreign crew to man her. There were some good yarns told on board, but some bad deeds done; and in the end the second officer cannot save the captain's daughter, whom he loves, because his own arm has been broken by one of the crew. So the "Magic" slowly settles down with the hero and the heroine on board—but they were quite happy. A vivacious picture of sea life.*]

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LYALL, DAVID.—The Flowers o' the Forest, 6/-.Hodder and Stoughton

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PINKERTON, THOMAS.—The Ivory Bride, 6/- .. .. Long
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POOL, MARIA LOUISE.—Friendship and Folly ..... Long
[*Rodney Lawrence loses the ring given him by Prudence Ffolliott, whom he loves wildly; and he offers fifty dollars reward for it, and wants to offer five hundred. By the time the ring is found, two years later, fifty dollars seems a stiff price, for what he calls his "infatuation" is over (so is Prudence's); and he asks Carolyn, her cousin, to marry him. But Prudence, like her ring, makes her appearance again—a whirling young woman she is; and the relapse in Rodney's case is severe. The really useful bicycle, however, establishes records nowadays, and in this volume it is important, and helps to make a very readable story end happily.*]

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